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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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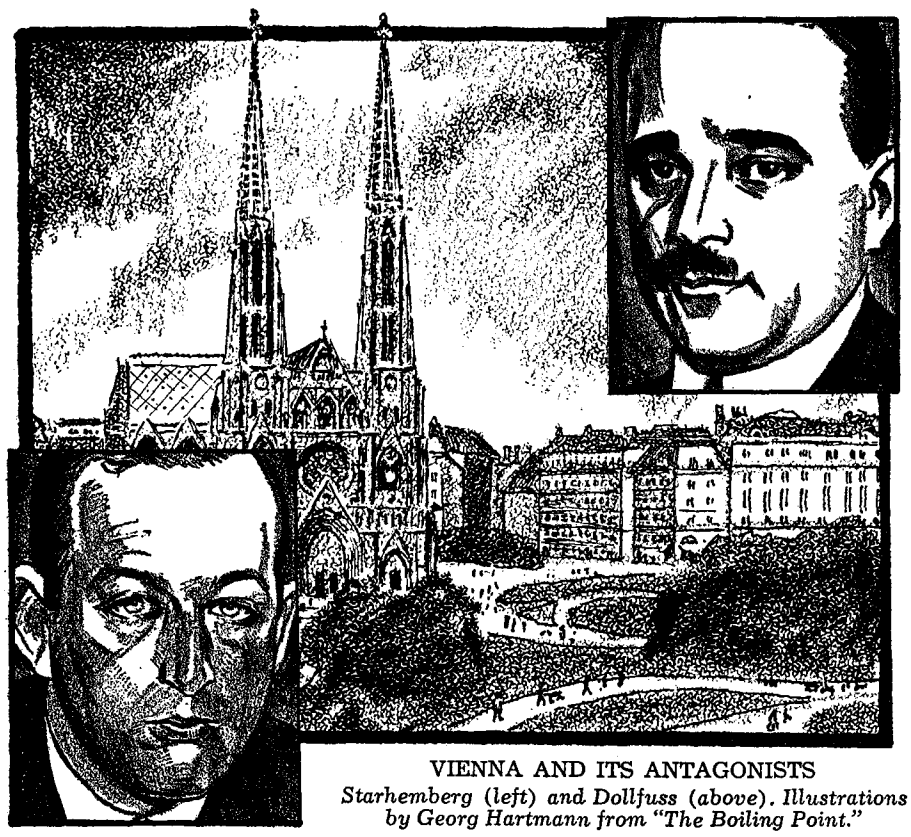

VIENNA AND ITS ANTAGONISTS
Starhemberg (left) and Dollfuss (above). Illustrations by Georg Hartmann from "The Boiling Point."

The European Pot

THE BOILING POINT. By H. R. Knickerbocker. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

THIS would have been a better book if it had been written by Frank Simonds.

It might also have been a better book if it had not, originally, been written by Mr. Knickerbocker for the dailies of William Randolph Hearst.

And, finally, it would have been a better book if Mr. Knickerbocker had never read *Time*.

I think of Mr. Simonds, recalling an article which appeared from his pen weeks back in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and which seems in recollection to have said in the space of three or four thousand words rather more than this whole book does on the same subject. Mr. Simonds, I think, would never have begun smugly with the observation that "one way to answer [the question: Is War Coming?] is to speculate about it at home. Another is to go to the seat of these numerous European conflicts and investigate them on the spot." Mr. Simonds knows that in a journalist's equipment his head is more important than his feet. He, too, went to Danzig, the Polish Corridor, and the Balkans, but he also went to history. One need not speculate at home, but one can often think at home, long and quietly over information which one may or may not have gathered for oneself. And in any case the answer to the question of this book is certainly not going to be arrived at by asking it in every chancellery in Europe. The interview, I have always thought, is one of the more meretricious forms of journalism. Mr. Knickerbocker has been seeking to gather up pearls of wisdom from every chancellor or governor from Danzig around Europe to London, and all of them say just what you would expect them to. Mr. Knickerbocker hands out these statements with a fine impartiality, and, too often, with an irritatingly straight face. Does he, for instance, really think that the balderdash talked by Regent Horthy of Hungary is in the least

(*Continued on page* 751)

Thomas Mann's American Address

The speech of Thomas Mann which follows was an informal address given at the testimonial dinner in New York in honor of his fifty-ninth birthday. Beneath its genial courtesy, however, are to be detected those ideas and ideals which have made him a figure in world literature, and his novels real syntheses of the times. We are glad, therefore, to be able to publish it substantially entire, as he delivered it upon the evening of June 6.—THE EDITORS.

I HAVE never before made a speech in English and should have sufficient reason to be afraid of so hazardous an experiment. This is decidedly a critical moment in which I rise to do so; and yet I have scarcely been able to wait for this moment and for a long time have yearned for it. My thanks must of course pass first of all to the initiator of this personal meeting of ours and this entirely lovely festivity: my courageous American publisher, Mr. Alfred A. Knopf. It was a thought full of feeling and imagination on his part to set the publication of the English edition of my new novel for the anniversary of my fifty-ninth birthday and invite me here for it—the thought of a man who would not be so good a publisher if he were not at the same time himself something of a creator.

The man who addresses you, ladies and gentlemen, is one who depends on solitude and seclusion, on a quiet and even attention to his own tasks; therefore not of a particularly sociable nature. For that reason, however, he loves people and knows how, or rather hopes, to ally himself to them by means of the quietest and most personal pursuit of his calling; and if he must even, above all, fulfil the duties which the intellect has laid upon him, so is it then the wish of his heart to please people, to earn their gratitude and, if even at times by melancholy means, to increase the extent of joy on this earth. As an entirely unknown young man, I wrote these lines down (I just came across them recently in an old copy-book) in which

(*Continued on next page*)

The James Family

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

WILLIAM JAMES, the philosopher and psychologist, and Henry James, the novelist, have been familiar to the reading public of Europe and America for forty years, and have long since established themselves securely in the history of science and letters. Since their death there has been a progressive discovery of the James Family. First it was discovered that William was the brother of Henry and Henry the brother of William. Then the publication of their letters, together with the Introduction to the letters of William by his son Henry, and the reminiscent volumes, "Notes of a Son and Brother" and "A Small Boy and Others," by the novelist Henry, revealed the parents, the younger brothers, and the sister. In C. Hartley Grattan's "Three Jameses," together with the researches of Professor Harold A. Larrabee of Union College, the elder Henry took a place beside his two famous elder sons, and *his* father, the elder William, Albany millionaire and founder of the American branch of the family, emerged from obscurity. And now the two latest volumes* give new and substantive importance to the elder Henry and to his daughter Alice, while at the same time enlarging and clarifying the picture of the family group as a whole. Thus two distinguished individuals become a dynasty, with a William and a Henry the First, a William and Henry the Second. Two separate outcroppings have been connected and followed to the surface until they are seen to form an extensive vein of the same rich ore.

The elder Henry James was born in Albany in 1811 and died in Boston in 1882. His life and thought throw a vivid light on economic and social conditions in Albany in the 1820's and 30's, on the history of Union College, on the conflict at Princeton and elsewhere of orthodox Calvinism with advancing liberalism, on the intellectual life of New York City in the 1840's, on the spread in America of the cults of Swedenborg and Fourier, on Emerson and Transcendentalism, on Brook Farm and its prototypes, successors, and reverberations, on Greeley, Godwin, Ripley, Alcott, Thoreau, Dana, Dwight, Channing, Margaret Fuller, and other writers and reformers of this prophetic age,—on Carlyle, Maurice, Sterling, Mill, and other British contemporaries. James was in the thick of these movements and their representatives were his friends and acquaintances. He was not, however, merely a man of his times. He had his own unique experience, his own hard-worn truth and his own message for mankind. His books were obscure and soon forgotten. The echoes of his brilliant talk died away and his letters were hidden in family archives. His "Literary Remains," edited by his son William in 1885, appeared too late for contemporary interest and too early for retrospect. But now in Professor Warren's volume Henry I definitely emerges, in his own right and in something like his true proportions.

Professor Warren has performed a difficult task with honesty, understanding, and high literary craftsmanship. He has not yielded to temptation. It would have been easy to make his subject merely interesting, for the elder Henry James was a wit and a "character," who lends himself readily to fragmentary citation. It would have been easy to treat him with indulgent derision, for he was extravagant and often fantastic in deed and utterance. But Professor Warren has seen beneath the external manner of the man and has felt the deeper pathos of an earnest and brave spirit, who suffered from a conviction which he could not adequately utter, and from a love of fellow-men which exposed him to perpetual wounds. The writer has had the patience and erudition to go beyond James's rhetoric and theological verbiage to its core of philosophic truth,—to the humanistic supernaturalism, the reforming rejection of reform, the mystical anti-moralism and optimistic Calvinism, which make it so original and at the same time so significant of the development of American thought.

The second of the present volumes, on "Alice James," consists of two parts: "Her Brothers," an Introduction written by Anna Robeson Burr; and "Her Journal" written by herself. It would have been more accurate to have named the first part "Her *Younger* Brothers," for attention is focussed upon Garth Wilkinson James, who was called Wilky, and Robertson James, known familiarly as Bob. The former was two and the latter three years younger than Henry, who in turn was one year younger than William. Both of these younger brothers appear in William's letters and in Henry's autobiographical writings: Wilky distinguished by his "preference for ingenuous talk, his drollery, his candor, his successful sociability, his genius for making friends"; Bob by "the vivacity of his intelligence, the variety of his gifts, his admirable talk, charged with natural life, perception, humor, and color." In 1859 the two boys were taken by their father to Concord and enrolled in the school of Frank B. Sanborn, thus deepening and extending to the second generation the old friendship between the elder James and Emerson. Wilky and

* *THE ELDER HENRY JAMES. By Austin Warren. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.50.*
ALICE JAMES. HER BROTHERS. HER JOURNAL. Edited by Anna Robeson Burr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $2.50.

This Week

HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES
By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA
By E. M. DELAFIELD
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

ONE HAPPY JEW
By NAT J. FERBER
Reviewed by Michael Gold

THE ROAD LEADS ON
By KNUT HAMSUN
Reviewed by Grace Frank

THE THOMAS MANN DINNER
Pictures by ROBERT DISRAELI

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE BERLIN DIARIES
Edited by DR. HELMUTH KLOTZ
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard

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Bob were distinguished and in some measure divided from their elders by two facts. In the first place, they joined the army of the Union and were fired with its ardors. In the second place, their history is a record of frustration, despite traces of the same family genius which led to success and fame in the cases of William and Henry. There is, furthermore, a clear connection between "the first place" and "the second place." Both Wilky and Bob were casualties of the Civil War, through wounds and sickness, through the sacrifice of their youth, through a resulting spirit of restlessness and discontent, and through the romantic abolitionism that led them to unsuccessful ventures in Florida after their discharge from the service.

This picture, although already known in its outlines, has been amplified and vivified by the present book, which serves furthermore to accentuate the loyalty and affectionate solicitude with which in after years both William and Henry followed the vicissitudes of their younger brothers' more precarious fortunes. As to William and Henry themselves, little is added save a fine letter from William, written in 1880, in which he meditates with characteristic gratitude and reminiscent understanding upon the self-sacrificing love of his parents. The author's further attempt to interpret the expatriation and vocation of Henry in terms of "fear" together with a nostalgic and self-compensating envy of the more heroic role of his younger brothers, is a distortion and over-simplification which can serve only to belittle those whom it is designed to magnify. It must be added that this portion of the book is also marred by carelessness and mistaken emphasis in matters of detail. Thus, for example, it would be difficult to make a more inaccurate statement about William James than the following: "In 1868 the young psychologist received an appointment to an instructorship at Harvard, and from then onward became a prominent figure of that university." The fact is that William James became "instructor" for the first time in 1873, and a "psychologist" (as well as a biologist and philosopher), let us say, in 1875. His "prominence" might be dated from 1885. In short, that part of the present book which treats of Alice James's "Brothers" affords a striking contrast with the careful scholarship and mature judgment which distinguish the work of Professor Warren.

The second part is another matter. The editing leaves no ground for complaint unless it be the extreme meagreness of the explanatory notes, and the "Journal" speaks for itself. Alice James was born in 1848 in New York City. After a severe illness in her sixteenth year she never recovered her health. She suffered from rheumatic gout, spinal neurosis, nervous hyperæsthesia, and finally cancer, of which she died in 1892 at the age of forty-four. The last seven years of her life were spent in or near London, in divers cottages and lodgings, where she was protected by the unforgetting, unintrusive watchfulness of "Henry the Patient," her "Primrose Knight," and the understanding companionship of her friend Katharine P. Loring. She was already bed-ridden when she came to England. "If I can get through the day, scribbling my notes, and able to read the books that belong to me, in that they clarify the density, and shape the formless mass within, life seems inconceivably rich; full of 'l'allégresse de la certitude acquise.'" The "Journal" covers the years 1889 to 1892, and during the last fifteen months its author was compelled to dictate to Miss Loring. Pain was a daily companion, death an early acquaintance and a late friend. The material of the "Journal" consists of the incidents of this contracted existence, what people said to her and she to people, what people said to her of other people, what she read, what she felt, and what she thought. With this slight material, and within this narrow frame, she achieved the miracle of living, —not only to herself but for posterity.

Hitherto Alice James has been known as the object of her brothers' love—of Henry's devoted loyalty, of William's teasing fondness, and of the respectful and chivalrous tenderness which she evoked in both. These brothers, life-like and unmistakable, pass frequently across the pages of her "Journal." But it would be a mistake to regard it as a mirror or register of external events and persons. It is essentially a revelation of its author, a world illuminated by rays which radiate from its centre. That centre, the soul of Alice James, is not easily characterized. She had poetic sensitiveness, both to the outer world of nature and to the inner world of memory and reflection. "Confronting the landscape in the morning leaves me without further resistance . . . The beauty tires me more than the chair, which only shakes the muscles, while the former stirs unfathomable depths." "Anatole France says somewhere, 'Tout vaut mieux que de s'écouter vivre'—which is not to be denied surely; but if destiny, Anatole, offers you no other opportunity, you will find that, if you lend an indulgent and imaginative ear, you may strike, even from that small keyboard, all the notes of melody, comedy, and tragedy." Alice had her brother William's effervescence and relish for nonsense, together with Henry's quick apprehension of the deep serio-comic meaning of concrete human situation. She was humane like her father, but her critical powers were never suspended. There was a "hard core" of intellect within her sensitive surface and a cutting edge to her wit. She could feel scorn. "'Noblesse oblige' doesn't seem to be the performance of noble deeds, but the doing of ignoble ones with social impunity, and with an increase, personally, of your snobbish pretensions."

ALICE JAMES

The world of Alice James was a tragic world, but it was a "world pour rire." She saw this world from a sofa, but her vision was acute. Thus she saw the Emperor William (displacing Bismarck) as "this whipped syllabub of a young man rushing it,"—"more completely under the illusion of his own individuality and absolutely remote from the possibility of taking his relative measure than any known contemporary quantity." She pitied mankind, but always with a slightly derisive and belittling intonation. She was unwilling to be herself pitied by others or to be caught (by herself) pitying herself. She defied pain. "By taking a very small dose of morphine . . . I was able to steady my nerves, and *experience* the pain without distraction; for there is something very exhilarating in shivering whacks of crude pain which seem to lift you out of the present and its sophistications." Having what is commonly called courage, she received compliments. "I make it a rule," she writes, "always to believe the compliments implicitly for five minutes, and to simmer gently for twenty more; that ensures a solid gain of twenty-five minutes out of twenty-four hours, in which one is in peace and charity of all mankind." But she feels this to be a weakness: "Which of us has not given, within, a faint paralytic smile over her 'courage,' however careful her vanity may have been not to dispel the superficial illusion."

It is impossible to apply any adjective to this clear-seeing, self-knowing individual without feeling that she has already thought and passed beyond it. One must say that she was brave, witty, sensitive, penetrating, magnanimous, and at the same time realize that she is outside the judgment,—making it herself and in that very act transcending it. The last word would be "detachment," were it not for the fact that in the very nature of her case there can be no last word.

Ralph Barton Perry is professor of philosophy at Harvard University, and editor of two volumes of William James's essays.

Thomas Mann's Address

(*Continued from first page*)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning speaks of the happiness of those,

> . . . who sit alone
> On winter nights by solitary fires
> And hear the nations praising them far off.

That seems to me the ideal situation in its mixture of aloofness and union with the world. The spiritual love of fame was confided to me early when the first signs of sympathy on the part of far-off foreign people in my work reached me, when my works began to be translated into European languages and even into exotic idioms; then I was dreamer and poet enough to make an exciting adventure for myself out of a fact which has become so usual in modern life, an adventure that had much of the enchantment and happiness of first love.

Strangely enough it was the War which considerably furthered the spiritual interchange among the nations, their inquisitive cognizance of one another—in spite of all the intensification of national feeling. One of its very diverse functions was to bring people nearer together, to make the earth smaller, and more intimate; and I, for my part at least, have to date at about the time of its conclusion, my closer contact through the medium of my works with the outside world—with America, too, yes, above all, with Americans. From your country I have received the loveliest letters of my life, documents of a human warmth and a frank responsiveness which are very dear to me. That my work should have given me the privilege of gaining friendship and affection in this country, in the human reality of which I now see myself placed, was a deep joy to me; for once again and to a special degree it meant for me the accomplishment and realization of a fellow-feeling.

From the intellectual life of America, lasting impressions were made upon my youth. Emerson's Essays, the short stories of Edgar Allan Poe, the lyrics of Walt Whitman, the humorous works of Mark Twain—all these I cannot think away from my literary education; and later I followed with admiration the growth of your social novel in the work of men like Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Dos Passos, and Sinclair Lewis. I wouldn't know which European dramas I should prefer to the daring pieces of O'Neill, or what modern art of story-telling should please me more than that of the wonderfully new books of Ernest Hemingway which flash with the charm of art and life.

But let us not speak only of literature. Let us talk about American humanity as a whole, in its union of virility and its love for peace. That is what always attracted me the most directly. Following Goethe's example, I, too, am a man of peace. I abominate war, I see in militarism the most superficial, the most antiquated, and the most hopeless form of heroism, and I am convinced that today the spirit of the world shows other ways to the heroic instinct of the male. It was the athletic pacifism of American which always had something deeply refreshing for me and aroused my hope for humanity.

In us Germans there has already been implanted through Goethe an envious admiration for the rational freshness and the pioneer-like spontaneity of the American genius, which means such a tremendous vital advantage over the heritage of Europe with its memories and its load of feelings which it drags along with melancholy and which handicap its life.

> Amerika, du hast es besser
> Als unser Kontinent, der alte;
> Hast keine verfallenen Schlösser
> Und keine Basalte.

That has meaning today as it did in Goethe's time. Some of us in old Europe have the feeling our world is being ruined through misplaced and exploded ideals and that nothing is as necessary for it as a complete recovery from the no longer heroic but wretched and ruinous intoxication of the past. Don't say that it is unbecoming of an author to call for temperance. It was Goethe who, for fifty years, wanted to forbid his countrymen from saying the word "gemüt" (feeling); and with this thought in mind, and with the same hopes as we have today, he looked over to this great colonial nation of the white race on the other side of the ocean.

The hopes of which I am here speaking are the hopes of humanity, that is, for mankind and his future. I believe that behind the contemporary moral confusion and restiveness of western man there is quietly being prepared a new humanism, which will perhaps determine the general feeling for life sooner than we can today imagine it. It will have little similarity to the humanism of past epochs; and one could scarcely reproach it with esthetic-ism or colorless optimism. Having gone through much that no earlier humanism knew, deepened through all the forward steps and advances which we have seen the knowledge of mankind make in the last decades, it will, so it seems to me, unite understanding and courageous clarity with a commanding veneration for the idea and religious mystery of mankind.

The book, ladies and gentlemen, whose appearance in English is the occasion of my visit here, will perhaps some day be paid the tribute of being recognized as a symptom of this new developing humanism. It is a picture book and a story book of mankind. It has its roots in the sorrows and stirring adventures which have been our lot these past twenty years, in the peculiar new and burning interest which is the product of these sorrows; the interest in the problem of mankind, in his place in the universe, his long-forgotten past and enigmatical calling. When I dare to hope that this book will also find in America sympathetic friends, I do so with the conviction that there is reserved for the American genius which with such judicious resolution is trying to master the economic and social difficulties of our time, an important, yes, a decisive role in the revival of humanity. "God's Own Country" it has been called at times with patriotic fervor. Let me raise my glass with the wish it will some time also have the honorary title of "Man's Own Country."

Love, the Usurer

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

LIGHTLY, Oh Usurer, and without misgiving
From the heart's store we paid and like one man;
To pay was easy whilst our friend was living,
But it goes on, your fixed instalment plan.
Our little friend is dead. His trivial habits
Are trivial now no longer. He has gained
Something he lacked when after rats or rabbits
When the earth sang with smells and it had rained.

Oh Usurer, why grant us no release,
Can he for whom we sorrow benefit?
To love is to court grief that will not cease,
Oh Usurer, what *is* the sense of it?
We could not possibly be paying more
If he'd had longer legs and less than four.

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A Fine Novel in Verse

HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES. An American Novel in Verse. By Christopher La Farge. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HERE is a notable narrative poem. We haven't had any too many of them in America. The brother of the accomplished novelist and Pulitzer Prize winner, Oliver La Farge, has proved himself in this poem capable of sustaining a long flight in varied verse and of telling a thoroughly interesting story with well-conceived characters and an intimately known background.

The terrain of Mr. La Farge's poem is southern Rhode Island. The native owner of a large piece of land decides to sell it for semi-suburban development. The property around him is partly owned by people from the city who live in Rhode Island during the summer. We have the natives constituting one faction and certain city people the other. That is the foundation of the story.

Mr. La Farge is an architect and painter, and so far as I know this is his first venture in the field of poetry, though his command of rhythms and metres would seem to indicate that he has for a long time been a practitioner of verse. In certain passages, frankly, I find the influence haunting him of Stephen Vincent Benét's method in "John Brown's Body," even though the two narratives are so very different in intention and content. I do not, however, wish to overemphasize this slight resemblance, in occasional cadences and in one particular characteristic metre, which metre is, after all—as are all metres—the property of any poet who can use it well. Mr. La Farge has many cadences of his own, and some of his variations from his fundamental blank verse have great aptness, force, and beauty.

Mr. La Farge's cast of characters is an unusually interesting one: the Walter Hoxsies, cousins, living for years as man and wife without benefit of clergy; the city Herendenes, feeling more strongly about the land being given over to intruders than do the natives themselves; young Mary Herendene, wife of Francis, and her affair with Perry Metcalfe; Asa Congdon who loved Letty Hathaway who loved none apparently but a dead man who had married someone else, yet is

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

found at the end with Francis Herendene's picture clasped to her dead breast; Annabel Williams, the cripple, who loved her cousin, Perry Metcalfe; old Mrs. Slocum, the gossip—particularly in their tangle of loves and desires, these people emerge into definite and ironic reality. They are also presented with a sympathy that unfolds the innermost recesses of each nature. As one reads, for all that the selling of land is the centre of the story, even the elder Ellen Herendene's fierce feeling about the land, even Annabel's pitiful love for it, fade beside the clash of emotions of the lovers, Mary and Perry, the tragedy of Letty as so masterfully described in Part Three, and the interplay of various thwarted loves. The book becomes increasingly rich with life, and the drama in its culmination is convincing.

There is a definitely realized atmosphere, a picturing of the Rhode Island countryside, that furnishes a unique background for the book; the scene deeply penetrates one's consciousness. One feels that this southern Rhode Island of Mr. La Farge's has characteristics that distinguish it from any other part of the country. He imparts the unique savor of it, from the blue of the Nyas River to the look of "a tupelo tree that was like an oak," and the speech of the natives.

When one examines closely the language of the poem one sees that to its virtues as narrative are not added those sharp felicities of phrase, that miraculous manipulation of words, that constitute major poetry. There are merely approximations. But, after all, much has been accomplished. This is an unusual book.

The European Pot

(*Continued from first page*)

important? Presumably he does. At any rate, he tells you that the Hungarian regent lives in a palace splendid, wide, high, and big as a mountain. It isn't as big as a mountain. It isn't even as big as the little hill it stands on, but let that pass.

The most interesting part of the book is not, of course, what Regent Horthy says—or Benes, or Jeftitich, or King Alexander—but what Mr. Knickerbocker himself thinks and says. But very little of the book is devoted to this.

Originally it was a series of newspaper articles—one of the series which began with "The Red Trade Menace," in the *New York Evening Post,* and which have made Mr. Knickerbocker renowned on two continents. (He is really renowned. His books on Russia were best sellers in Germany. I saw them and his German book everywhere, a year ago in Italy, and the thin, pale, incredibly youthful-looking young American with the fiery hair is a European celebrity.) The book shows its origins. It is not held together by any intrinsic argument, but by a series of datelines, marking Mr. Knickerbocker's energetic peregrinations, and constantly he is straining to attract the reader's attention. He uses the : What is This! Aha! Who approaches? Lo! technique. I find this irritating in a newspaper, and exasperating in a book. It is as though in every chapter (once a newspaper story) Mr. Knickerbocker was forced to remember that he was competing for the reader's interest with the Dillinger case, or the latest torch murder, and must begin what he has to say by ballyhooing its contents.

He borrows from *Time* the habit of mixing up the completely trivial with the serious, as though the fact that Mr. Dollfuss of Austria is the youngest and smallest chancellor in Europe measuring not quite five feet in his stockings is in any way pertinent to the fact that he has recently slaughtered several hundreds of Social Democrats. In Mr. Knickerbocker's reports, it almost seems to justify it.

If I give way to irritation, it is because I believe that Mr. Knickerbocker has many of the qualities of a first-rate journalist. He is intelligent. He is untiringly energetic. He has a commendable passion for accumulating accurate facts. It is only regrettable that he seems to think that the lack of any philosophy of history or of politics is identical with objectivity. The question of whether or not there will be war in Europe, within foreseeable time, cannot be answered by mere reporting. It demands a careful analysis of historical and political dynamics. Mr. Knickerbocker is capable of making this analysis, but he does not do so. He runs about and interviews people, most of whom, as he perfectly well knows, are unimportant factors in the answer to the question. He tells us, for instance, writing of King Alexander: "The Serbs know more about war than any other people in Europe." Now, now, Mr. Knickerbocker, exactly what do you mean by that? You mean, I presume, that the Serbs are a simple war-like tribe, to whom some form of fighting comes naturally. It is a non-sequitur to say that because of this fact the opinion of their sovereign on all-European problems is particularly valuable.

Mr. Knickerbocker is as aware as you or I that the question of a European war will not be settled in Danzig, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, or Sarajevo, whatever crises may arise there, and will not be determined by any Gomboes, Benes, or Alexander. He knows it, and he tells us so, eventually, but first he wants to drag us around Europe with him. He devotes considerable space to the question of aggressors, and to the non-aggression pacts, although I think that he would agree that this business of the aggressor is a red herring. There is at present no body, and no mechanism in existence, which could adjudge to the satisfaction of Europe who was the aggressor in any dispute, and each nation would decide for itself according to its own interests. If Germany continues to re-arm without the agreement of the former allied powers in violation of the treaty, France and her allies have excellent juridical grounds to consider this an act of aggression; if France should apply military sanctions against Germany to enforce the treaty, Germany and her allies, if any, would certainly make out a strong moral case for representing this as an act of aggression. And the League of Nations would not be able to decide between them. Mr. Knickerbocker devotes no space at all to the evolution of the League, which is necessary in a thoughtful book on this question. Eventually he agrees that the question: Peace or War? will be settled—as the last war was—in London. But when he analyzes the situation of Great Britain versus the continent he is hasty and superficial. London, we learn, is alarmed—no news to anyone—and we get the impression that the coming to power of Hitler has had a definitive effect upon British policy, diverting it from an increasingly pro-German to a strongly pro-French orientation. I myself see few signs of this. Indeed, the very latest events seem to speak otherwise.

E. M. DELAFIELD

And Mr. Knickerbocker completely leaves out of consideration the role of the United States. I agree with him that the realistic prospects of peace for some time to come, albeit an armed and suspicious peace, presume the following program.

> England, who above all powers in Europe wants peace, agrees to support France. France agrees to equality of armaments with Germany. Germany agrees not to arm beyond that point. Germany concentrates on her domestic problems. France stabilizes her politics and sticks to democracy.

But the extent to which England will support France and have authority with her depends also upon England's own domestic and economic position and her relations with the rest of the world. Personally I am convinced that nothing would so tend to stabilize world politics as a complete and sympathetic understanding between Great Britain and the United States at this moment. The war debt stands in the way of such a firm understanding, and our failure to take a realistic attitude toward it may very well be one of the most potent causes of a European war if it comes. For it will certainly come unless it is averted—by the one country which should be supported to avert it: Britain. But it is the fashion amongst most American journalists writing of Europe to leave the United States entirely out of the picture.

Of all the people who talk in this book Mussolini talks the most sense. He does not talk as a fascist but as a *real-politiker* who knows Europe. There are, of course, a great many interesting facts and sidelights, some of them new. Useful is Mr. Knickerbocker's estimate of potential fighting man-power of the continental nations—I cannot remember having seen similar figures anywhere else. They tend to exorcise the bogey of Germany's fighting capacities, even with rearmament, without a great increase in allies.

There is material here for a thoughtful book. It is too bad it is not better used.

Dorothy Thompson is a free-lance writer and foreign correspondent who for several years was chief of Central European Service in Berlin.

Her American Cousins

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS DELAFIELD is the latest in that line of Englishwomen who have crossed the seas to visit the United States and gone home to write upon their American cousins. And if she follows at a long distance in achievement as well as time after such commentators as Mrs. Trollope and Harriet Martineau, that is not to say that her book is not entertaining reading. It is, and since frankly it is written to amuse and not to instruct, it perhaps is enough that it is sprightly, clever, and outspoken. But we must confess to disappointment that it was not more penetrating. Miss Delafield's slightly malicious humor plays only over the surface; she catches the superficial characteristic, the physical appearance of person or place, but the criss-cross of traits, the contradictions, enthusiasms, and perplexities that afford so rich an opportunity for the satirist, elude, or else fail to interest, her. What she has given is the journal of a visit to America on which she enjoyed much hospitality, was subjected to the gruelling experiences of a visiting celebrity, and jotted down her impressions with verve, not always with kindness, and rarely with more than average acumen.

Yet it is unfair to take Miss Delafield to task for not having produced a penetrating study when all she had in mind was an impressionistic sketch. For "The Provincial Lady in America" is, entertainingly, what it sets out to be, a diary whose jottings present pen portraits of the literary and would-be literary persons the author met on her visits to New York, Chicago, Boston, and Toronto. To one familiar with the personalities who appear in her pages, the skill with which Miss Delafield seizes upon their peculiarities and distinguishing traits is at once apparent. The publishers, novelists, publishers' agents, the efficient lady who runs the lunches and teas in which foreign notabilities are introduced to their public, are just as recognizable when presented under fictitious names as are the few figures which appear under their own. Her lively gossip about them, spiced with her sense of the ridiculous, provides unfailing amusement. It is like a visit with a particularly vivacious acquaintance whose talk glances from one subject to another, barbed at one moment, good-humored at another, and never hesitant to poke fun at person and situation. A pleasant book for an idle day.

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Pussy Willow English

In England they have invented a term for the kind of English that everyone should wish to speak. Received Standard English is neither the English of pedants and the precious, nor of the careless or the provincial speaker. It requires good articulation, an accurate choice of words, and a desirable pronunciation of both consonants and vowels; yet permits that slight variation which much exist in great communities if expression is to be natural.*

That there is such a Received Standard English in America no one can doubt, although in several respects other than in being American in accent and choice of words, it differs from the English standard. The allowable deviation in the voicing of "r," for example, is probably greater, the emphasis upon clear and true vowels is certainly much greater, the requirements for articulation are laxer, the insistence upon quality of voice is unfortunately much less. As Charles Sears Baldwin said many years ago, the United States is the only civilized country where social and intellectual standing cannot be told by the voice quality of the speaker. Some of the most erudite men and best dressed women in America use voice tones of which a scratched disk on a rusty phonograph would be ashamed.

However, American Received Standard, whatever its faults, has this in common with British Received Standard, that it is natural as well as accurate. Affectation, condescension, the patronizing tone, a smug self-consciousness, have no place in either. The good speaker of accurate English uses words as naturally as his hands or his feet; he is speaking to someone, not listening to himself; his accuracy in the choice and pronunciation of words is for communication, not for effect. He talks like a man among men, not like a bad actor repeating a piece.

Why do not our broadcasters use our Received Standard English? They are accurate enough; only now and then in an evening can you catch a mispronunciation, usually of some word which evidently had not been in the broadcaster's vocabulary long enough to feel at home. Their voice tones also, while not so good as the English, and not nearly so good as the French, are much superior to the average, even among cultivated Americans. But what a mess they make of naturalness! If a friend should talk to you in the stilted unnatural sing-song of a broadcaster telling the folks where to go for somebody's soap you would end by throwing the nearest cake at him. There is a smug and utterly insincere familiarity, a servile condescension to the listener, which must be maddening to an American public that will not endure such talking in the family or the shop.

They do endure it, because they are long-suffering. They endure it, one suspects, because of a certain sympathy with the hard lot of broadcasters who must follow the dying chords of a movement from Beethoven with an urgent appeal to the girls to use Cosmos lipsticks. The fundamental incongruity between most programs and the plumbing, motive power, or cosmetics they are designed to sell, is too much of a strain upon the mere man behind the mike, who has to be enthusiastic about everything. Let him be natural then. Let him at least speak his piece as conversation, not like some Caliban pretending to be Prospero, or a Ruth Draper imitating the patter of a medicine man selling bottles from a cart. It isn't English, not good English that he uses, even if every syllable is correct; one doubts whether it is even good salesmanship.

For good English must have personality behind it, must express the speaker, not merely his assortment of facts. Elocutionist, now a term of opprobrium, became the unhappy word it is because the meticulous and precious English of platform performers, each word contorted into an artificial perfection, became unendurable. Better a slurred and homely expressiveness than speech so hyperarticulated that it is impossible to understand over the telephone. Toward the elocutionists' fate our broadcasters move. Themselves, they are presumably not smug, not condescending, not self-conscious, not patronizing, not even rhetorical. Let them then listen to each other for a busman's vacation, and learn like the rest of us to abominate a pussy willow English utterly out of tune with the manners of their country, which, heaven knows, needs guidance in its English speech, but not from them, as most of them will be speaking tonight.

*See S. P. E. Tracts, No. 39, "The Best English." By H. C. Wyld. Oxford University Press.

The New Deal and the prospect of increasing release of time from business for other pursuits has already resulted in a considerable crop of pamphlets and monographs on the use of leisure time. The latest publication of the sort to appear is an official report of the New York Committee on the Use of Leisure Time which attacks the problem of an industrialized society with a mind open to conditions as they are. The report states by way of introduction:

> Doubtless we should do all we can toward the promotion of interest-commanding jobs — toward building up farming, whether in subsistence colonies or elsewhere, as a way of life; toward the development of handcrafts to as large an extent as a consuming market makes possible. . . . It does not, however, seem to the Committee that the way out from industrial drudgery is backward toward the ideals of William Morris or Leon Tolstoy. A social program based on this conception does not seem realistic. . . .
>
> Whether we like it or not, Henry Ford probably comes nearer than Gandhi to symbolizing our age. But just because we recognize the inevitability of standardization in material production and the hard fact of the mechanization of industry, we must constantly emphasize the need of personal and individual development in human beings.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

SEVEN FAMOUS NOVELS. By H. G. WELLS. *Knopf.* An omnibus of Wells's scientific romances.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA. By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Harpers.* An English novelist's comments on her American tour.

HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES. By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE. *Coward-McCann.* A novel of New England in verse.

This Less Recent Book:

TARKA THE OTTER. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Dutton.* A story of wild nature notable for the grace of its conception.

"SINCE *WESTERN STORIES* STOPPED BUYING MY STUFF, I'VE BEEN WRITING ENTIRELY FOR POSTERITY."

To the Editor: *Bernard De Voto's Critical Methods*

Praise from Robert Nathan

SIR:—I want to shout Hooray for De Voto's piece on the Cowley book. That's a grand sensible piece.

ROBERT NATHAN.

New York City.

Mr. De Voto and Mr. Cowley

SIR:—It strikes me that Mr. De Voto's article on Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" is intolerably dirty in every sense of the phrase. It is surprising that you gave it so much space, but perhaps you had ordered it, and under the circumstances, it is embarrassing for an editor to turn a thing down; it seems like a form of censorship by suppression. Using what little Freud I know, I should say that Mr. De Voto's obsession with the idea [of the castration complex] might best be summed up by that old French proverb, "Honi soit, etc." Either that, or Mr. De Voto may simply be prurient like the little boys who go around marking on the subway posters.

As an article about Malcolm Cowley's book, Mr. De Voto's is all about Mr. De Voto and what a brave, realistic fellow he has been because he has done his writing on the side—quite ordinary books, as he would say, in his off time. This would be too unimportant and absurd, if it were not for the space you have given Mr. De Voto in your magazine which unquestionably does swing weight in American literary circles. I have never read any of Mr. De Voto's ordinary books, but it seems to me that in his designation of his work he has made the case for Cowley. Cowley does not assume to be ordinary and why should he be so cravenly attacked because he doesn't? He assumed to be an artist and if he and his friends turned out little work, it is because they were men of thought and of taste. They were not ordinary blurters. They are to be congratulated. If there is one thing we have had in our literature in this country, it is quantity rather than quality. And that they dared to be artists and devote their lives to literature does entitle them to a distinction not enjoyed by Mr. De Voto and apparently very annoying to him. It so happens, with a few notable exceptions, that literature which is a little better than ordinary is written by such men. To say that literature is socially unimportant compared to baseball and the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs begs the whole question. If he believes that, Mr. De Voto surely must realize that he is wasting his time writing about something Malcolm Cowley has written. As a matter of fact, literature is very important. Edgar Rice Burroughs does not crystallize effective ideas; his type of work is enjoyed passively by his readers; it is a commodity offering relatively harmless doses of escape, or, in less pathological language, recreation. Literature of the kind that Malcolm Cowley is devoted to, on the other hand, does crystallize ideas, especially the ideas of the relatively few —whatever the political forms in vogue— who are above the level of fairly simple herd motivation and who are actually the leaders and molders of the masses.

Mr. De Voto apparently belongs to our quite substantial and influential vulgarizing school of literature in this country. Vulgarity is their religion; they worship it, they love it and they practise it. They confuse it with such divergent things as health and democracy. It is an unintellectual Rousseauism. The idol, however, besides being ugly, misleads them. The common man, the common woman is far finer than they think, and humble or average circumstances do not necessarily imply the vulgarity they imagine.

These intellectual barbarians are deterrents to our building fair cities on our hills and plains. Like barbarians they scorn anything with cosmopolitan or traditional values, though these values are quite positive and apparent. At the same time they make a pig-sty of wherever they are, so their influence is wholly destructive. For a sensitive, sincere, and more than ordinarily experienced writer like Malcolm Cowley—and I don't by a long shot agree with everything he writes; but that's something else, again—to be attacked so stupidly by the vulgarizers, was to be expected. But that your magazine which so clearly has stood for a sense of positive and amiable values, should be the medium of this attack, is something besides sportsmanship, it is simply giving the game away.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

New York City.

Essays on Literary Technique

SIR:—It has been with a great deal of interest that I have read Mr. Tomlinson's interpretation of his own art, and Mr. Nicolson's explanation of his method in recent issues of *The Saturday Review*.

Mr. Nicolson's presentation of his technique is especially interesting to me, for I have long been an admirer of his work, particularly "Byron: the Last Journey."

As much as we look to *The Saturday Review of Literature* for sane and well-considered reviews of contemporary books, I, for one, am very pleased to find in its columns an occasional article or essay dealing with literary matters other than specific books. I hope that this policy may be continued and amplified.

I also hope that some enterprising publisher will publish in book form these essays of technique, especially Mr. Nicolson's.

GILBERT H. DOANE.

The Librarian's Office
University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

The Worst Best Seller

SIR:—You had an interesting comment on the oblivion and futility of the best sellers of a generation ago, recently compiled; and a few of us could guess which were the leaders. I suggest another indoor sport: ask a score of leaders which is *the worst best seller of recent years?*

You'll have to separate the fiction from the non-fiction. The literary candidates I don't know. My own choice for the more pretentious group would be Abbé Dimnet's "The Art of Thinking."

All these entries that go over big are supposed to be in the heavyweight championship class. Dimnet isn't even a bantam weight. Why did we fall for something so out of our genre? It had neither appeal nor squeal—vapid, Victorian. One reviewer called it pompous condescension.

Perhaps you'll have to divide further. For non-fiction covers a multitude of sins. Then there are the books that sell because they soothe or apply some flattering poultice to a flabby soul—the latest is "Life Begins at Forty"—or is that fiction?

Begin in the office and let us know the editorial choice. It might do for dog days.

Just an idea.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

New York City.

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Is This the Jew?

ONE HAPPY JEW. By Nat J. Ferber. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by MICHAEL GOLD

ONCE again, in a world of Christian murder, hatred, and ignorance, the Jew is being forced to vindicate his right to live.

Mr. Ferber's novel, though it reeks with vulgarity, the shallow poverty of spirit, and surface writing such as goes into Hearst serials, is interesting because it is an example of the defense put forth by many Philistine middle-class Jews.

It is the story of Mayer Marmelstien, a little shopkeeper in one of the dark, blind Galician villages of Czarist Russia. Mayer sells herrings, naphtha, and illegal vodka to the peasants. But he hates his life, and dreams of going to America and becoming a millionaire. The parent of five motherless boys, his ambition is to push them out of the ghetto, up into the free and glorious sunlight of Christian wealth and social position.

This Jewish patriarch is a ferocious climber who even hates his own blood, because it is a handicap in the race for success. "As he looks upon the faces of his boys he sees promise of the large Jewish nose that is his; the thick lips, that when puckered, move him to deride the faces (of other Jews) . . . Even the kink of their hair, like his own, is peculiarly Jewish." Money, oceans of money, alone can wash away the original sin. So Mayer trades feverishly on the "black bourse" of his village. He is clever, and soon graduates to the bourse in Vienna, where in the midst of other Jews poisoned with his frenzy, he displays the talents Nazis ascribe to all Jews, and becomes rich.

Meanwhile, his boys, all except Pincus, have taken the lessons of this father to heart. They, too, are ashamed of their Jewishness. One by one they abandon the old name; two of them become young French aristocrats, Armand and Marcel de Belvedere; another passes as a Mohammedan prince; and after the family settles in America, another marries wealth and joins a fashionable Episcopalian church. The old man, naturally enough, increases his fortune and becomes a millionaire banker in America. All Jews do that.

But his sons have gone out of his life, since they can no longer afford to recognize a Jewish father. It wounds him, and turns his wealth to ashes. Only Pincus, who has married a stout, domestic, old-fashioned Jewish girl, remains loyal to the old climber.

The sons return. In one way or another, all have suffered humiliation in the Christian world where they tried to climb. Only Pincus has been the "one happy Jew." He is the manager of a chain of successful preparatory schools on the East Side, where young Jewish factory workers are helped to climb out of honest manual labor and to become successful Tammany lawyers and doctors. Pincus is also fond of his wife and children, gives liberally to the Jewish charities, and is a loyal lover of *gefüllte fisch*. He is an idealist, in short, Mr. Ferber's hero, and a symbolic answer to the Nazis, a Jew content with the ghetto the Nazis want him to live in.

This novel might almost have been written by a clever Nazi propagandist, so close does it steer to the Nazi thesis. Mr. Ferber, of course, and the Jewish Philistine class of whom he writes, detest the Nazi, and will be enraged by such a charge as this.

But mark all the concessions he has made in this book which is meant as a defense of the Jew.

All of his leading characters are diseased with the money-lust, and have an hereditary genius for acquiring money. Is this true of the vast majority of the Jewish race, is it typical, as the Nazis claim? It decidedly is not; the majority of Jews in the world are paupers and proletarians. The main stream of Jewish literature is concerned with their suffering, their poverty and defeat. It is true that the Jew has developed, under the pressure of restrictive laws against him as a farmer or mechanic, a disproportionately large class of traders and middlemen. Yet the fact remains that the horrors of the Jewish slum are engraved in most Jewish minds, and this is what drives so many Jews into the revolutionary ranks.

Are most Jews social climbers, as Mr. Ferber's novel leads one to believe? Again no, except for his own small minority of Philistines. The Jews may be roughly divided into three great spiritual camps; they are either Zionists, orthodox-religious, or social-revolutionary. None of these groups would ever suffer the faintest yearning to be received at tea by Mr. Barclay Beekman. It would never occur to them, indeed.

Are most Jews ashamed of their large noses and kinky hair? They are not; and why should they be? It is only the Philistines in every oppressed race who accept the standards of their oppressors. The masses like the hair and face that nature gave them, quite simply and naturally. Their artists even make a strange beauty out of this difference, as have the Negro artists, as have the Irish, Armenian, Chinese, and Indian artists, for example. The Nordic face has its own place in the grand symphony of human nature; but no more. Many Africans and Chinese find it repulsive; and Thoreau once reported that certain Indians told him the same.

Now what shall we finally say as to Mr. Ferber's idealist, Pincus? For this is the novel's answer to the Nazi; the book stands and falls by Pincus. Is this smug little paterfamilias, friend of Tammany ward politicians, lover of rich food, kindly husband, and father (don't the *goys* like their children, too?) is he the best type the Jews can produce?

It is true he exists. I think of the hundreds of him I have known, content in their ghettos, "happy" in all the shopkeeping virtues. But Hitler attacks them, and they surrender at once. They give up their place in the large world of human struggle, and draw the shell of their ghetto Jewishness more tightly around them. They eat more food, breed more babies, tell each other how superior Jews are to the mad *goys*, and wait in their dark warm cellars until the storm passes.

Not once in this novel does the hero, who has passed through a period in which there has been a World War, a Russian Revolution, and a world crisis, show the faintest interest in these cataclysms. The fate of the human race is bound up with them, but he is not concerned. He is a Philistine. Only in the last chapter is there a note that Hitler has arrived, and Pincus is almost glad, for it has driven Jews like his social-climbing brothers back into the fold.

Yes, he exists. But then I think of hundreds of other Jews I have known, workers and intellectuals who have not patterned their lives after Babbitt, but after Karl Marx and Heinrich Heine. They are part of humanity, and no Hitler can segregate them from this proud and dangerous position. They are social revolutionists, who know that the Jew alone cannot solve the Jewish question, the whole tortured problem of race. Pincus and Hitler both hate this kind of Jew, but in him is the old Jewish spirit, the stormy soul of Jeremiah, the blood of that obscure young Jew who fought beside John Brown at Ossawatomie. No, basically the Jew is not one "happy" Philistine, as Mr. Ferber would have us believe.

* *

Michael Gold, one of the editors of The New Masses, *is the author of "Jews Without Money."*

An Elemental Novel

THE ROAD LEADS ON. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN 1920 when Knut Hamsun, then over sixty, received the Nobel Prize for literature, he said in his speech of acceptance, "I should like at this moment, amid this brilliant gathering and all these lights, to be young again and to offer you all flowers, verses, and gifts. I have received honor and riches in Stockholm today, but I lack the most important of all things, I lack youth."

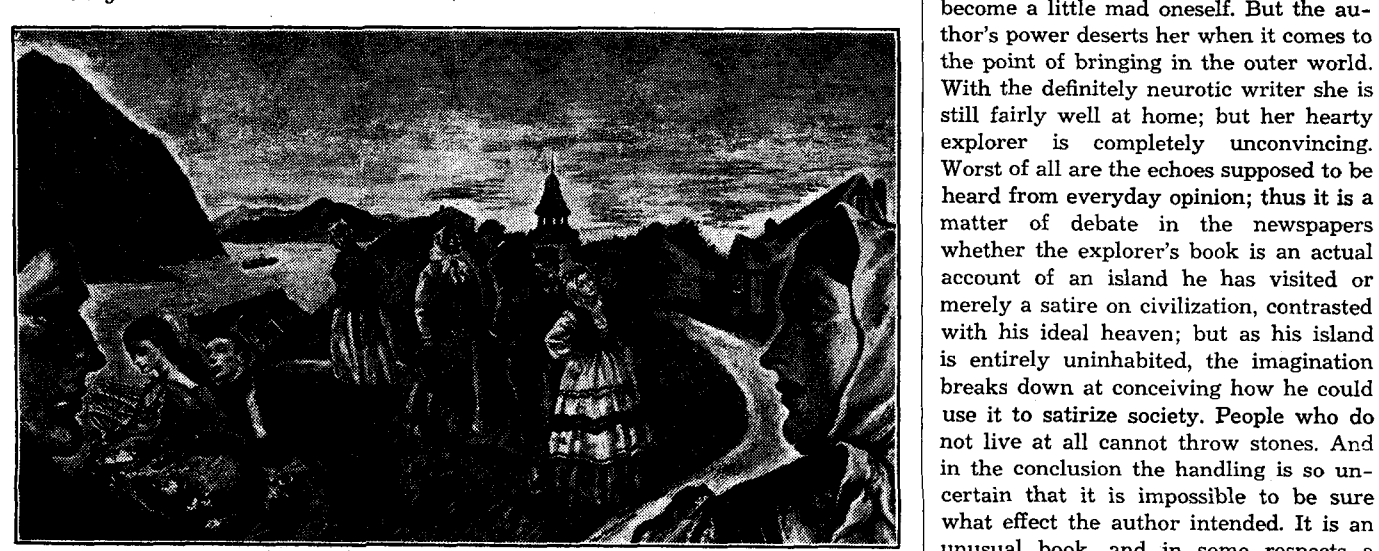
In the fourteen years that have elapsed since that time, Hamsun must somehow have put back the clock, for his present novel betrays little evidence of being the work of an old man, and it does indeed offer us many gifts. It constitutes in a sense a synthesis and rounding out of certain of the author's earlier stories, since it brings the hero of "Vagabonds" (1927) and "August" (1930) to Segelfoss, where he meets the descendants of characters who first appeared in "Children of the Age" (1913) and "The Village of Segelfoss" (1915).

Although thus linked with some of Hamsun's earlier novels, "The Road Leads On" is nevertheless an independent and self-contained creation. And it should rank as one of the author's major achievements, more mellow and human than his youthful tales, less bitter and dour than some of those of his middle period. Although Hamsun again pokes fun, very gently this time, at the results of a mechanized civilization, he refrains from saying "I told you so" and tells his story without didacticism and without pointing any lesson. His emphasis is on the tale and its protagonists, and his touch is light.

According to the vantage-post of the reader, the scale of the work will seem either very large or quite minute. Surveyed as a unit, the novel's dimensions are surely vast enough, for we come to know in it a whole rural Norwegian community: we know not only the leading citizens of Segelfoss—the English consul, the lawyer, banker, doctor, druggist, postmaster, and all their dependents—but also the poor families of farmers and shepherd folk on the outskirts, not to mention certain outcasts and wanderers—a Lapp woman and a gypsy—who cross the paths of the more honest inhabitants to no good purpose. And we come to know all these people intimately, the intermingled good and bad that lies in each of them. We see them living and dying, making love, marrying and begetting children, each performing a universal act in an individual manner.

In his ability to endow the simple folk of Nordland with the timeless qualities of human nature and yet place them, neatly differentiated, within their own environment, Hamsun is a master. The smallness of his scale is evident, however, when one looks at these people individually. Granted that each miniature is a portrait, nevertheless no amount of accurate observation can quite compensate a sophisticated reader for the lack of subtlety in these folk. True as they are, many and varied and keenly delineated as they are, they belong after all to a primitive community, a little world in which such universals as love, hate, jealousy, pride, and boastfulness are singly dimensioned.

The translation, unfortunately, lacks distinction and fails to render the lyric qualities in Hamsun's staccato style. The novel can be warmly recommended, however, even in this translation, to those who, having lost faith in the fruits of modern industrialism, may care to live for a time in a less complicated environment. Life in Nordland is rich in essentials, and for all that its inhabitants may seem to us of no great moment, Hamsun succeeds in making them memorable.



DRAWING BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL
From the jacket of "The Road Leads On"

BEATRIX LEHMANN

Kingdom of the Mad

RUMOUR OF HEAVEN. By Beatrix Lehmann. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS first novel shows an almost morbid sensitiveness which may carry its possessor far, if it is not overbalanced by the want of direction in her work. It is one of those books which build up a fantastic framework, and while it has the skill to win one's acceptance, it has no sort of conclusion to repay it. It would be fatally easy to make the book seem ridiculous by an honest but unsympathetic summary of the story; and with the best will in the world, it is difficult not to make the situation seem a little absurd. A world-famous dancer retires to live in seclusion with her husband and three children, and presently goes mad. Of the children, the boy is a half-wit with a native gift of ventriloquism; the younger girl is a cripple with a sharp, gnome-like character; the eldest girl looks after them, and after her heartbroken father, in the little island of retreat they have made. Into their hidden world come two intrusions, a neurotic writer with an artist who is temporarily sponging a living off him, and a young explorer who has discovered a South Sea paradise and wants to colonize it.

It is to be hoped that this summary does not deal too crudely with the materials of the book; for as Miss Lehmann has presented her little kingdom of the mad, it does not seem foolish or strained. Her treatment is so sympathetic that it achieves the remarkable feat of "The Innocent Voyage" and actually sets one's mind working in a new through-the-looking-glass fashion; one is gently persuaded to become a little mad oneself. But the author's power deserts her when it comes to the point of bringing in the outer world. With the definitely neurotic writer she is still fairly well at home; but her hearty explorer is completely unconvincing. Worst of all are the echoes supposed to be heard from everyday opinion; thus it is a matter of debate in the newspapers whether the explorer's book is an actual account of an island he has visited or merely a satire on civilization, contrasted with his ideal heaven; but as his island is entirely uninhabited, the imagination breaks down at conceiving how he could use it to satirize society. People who do not live at all cannot throw stones. And in the conclusion the handling is so uncertain that it is impossible to be sure what effect the author intended. It is an unusual book, and in some respects a haunting one; but as one goes on with it it becomes more and more disappointing.

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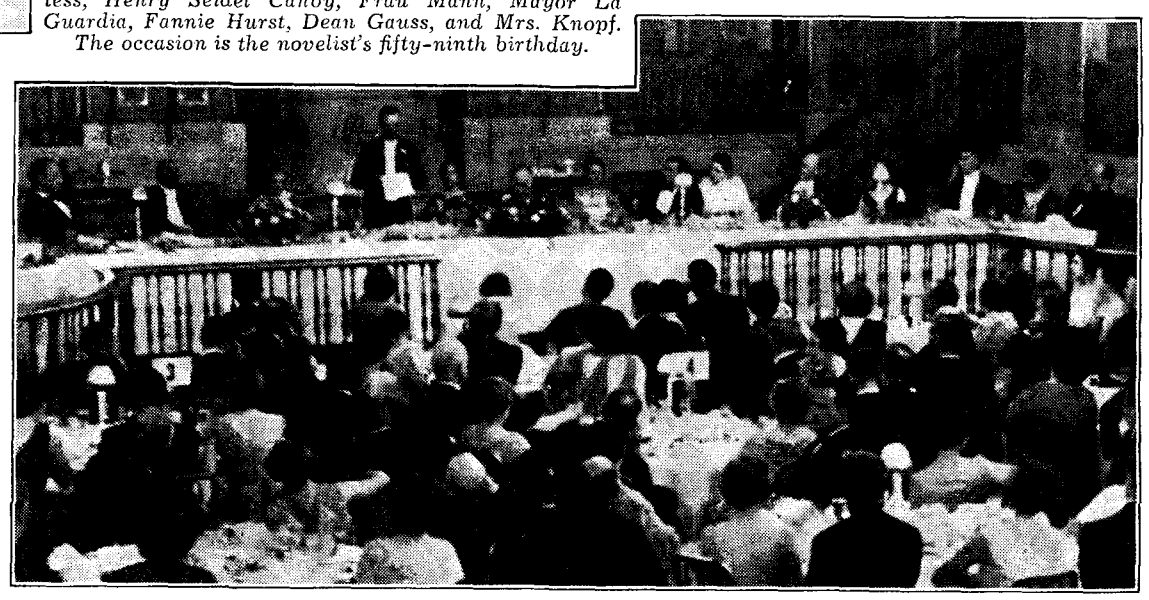
The Thomas Mann Dinner, and Other Feasts of Reason

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month, by Robert Disraeli

The speakers' table at the Thomas Mann dinner, June 6: from left, John Erskine, Alfred A. Knopf, Mrs. Christian Gauss, Thomas Mann, Emma Mills the ubiquitous hostess, Henry Seidel Canby, Frau Mann, Mayor La Guardia, Fannie Hurst, Dean Gauss, and Mrs. Knopf. The occasion is the novelist's fifty-ninth birthday.

Springtime for Henry: a close-up of Mr. Canby, Frau Mann, and the Mayor of New York.

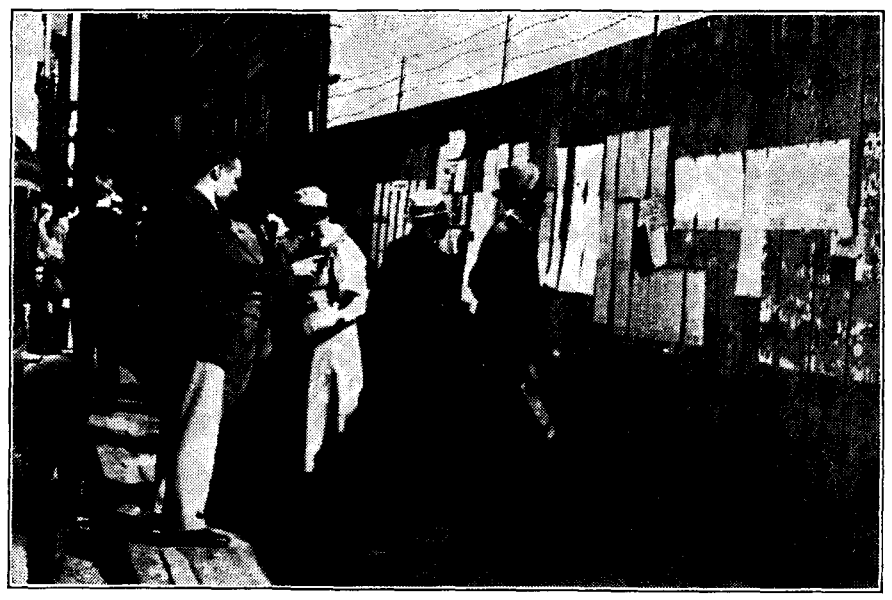
Herbert Agar, Pulitzer prize winning historian, at the Mann dinner with Helen Everitt of Curtis Brown, his literary agent.



"Toward a new humanism"—Thomas Mann reads the address to his American readers.

H. G. Wells, guest of honor at the P. E. N. Club dinner, on his recent trip to this country. At his right, Mrs. Henry Seidel Canby and Professor James T. Shotwell.

Below: T. S. Stribling, in New York following the publication of "Unfinished Cathedral," lunches with Amy Loveman at the Chatham sidewalk restaurant.



Mute, inglorious, or at least mostly unpublished Miltons hold their first open-air poetry show in Washington Square. The poems on display were for sale.

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Allen with Mrs. Canby (right), at the tea given by the paper manufacturers to celebrate the 400,000th copy of "Anthony Adverse."

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The Bowling Green

INDIGENE

THIS is my country! Here was I
Born to the prairie's shallow skin of loam,
Here too have longtime lived, and when I die,
Here would be buried—This is home.

Few ghosts inhabit here; no dead
Princes or poets rot beneath our corn—
Only the earth below and, overhead,
Swept sky and history unborn.

Yet, like the leathern-leavéd oak
That sucks its knotty toughness from a ground
All toughness too, so I and all my folk
Stem from that soil to which we're bound.

Ours is the melancholic peace
Which hovers high above this windy land,
Plaintive and piercing as the cry of geese
Unseen at night. We understand

The gropings of dark seasons' change,
Witch-hazel-wise, nor can nor would forget
That though the bison have forsook this range,
Their thunder stamps our pastures yet.

Such roots as only drought can drive
Into the slate-blue vitals of this clay
Are ours, roots that down-searching thrive
Where tender shrivel with dismay.

This is my country! Here have I
Lived and loved long, and when at last shall come
Well-welcomed Death,—then lay me happily
In this stiff soil—and know I am at home.

HUGH WESTERN.

PANGS OF COMPOSITION

On top of the Empire State Building is a voice-recording machine, much patronized just now by visitors from the fleet. The customer is allowed 125 words, and is urged to write them out beforehand. Among a group of sailors who were recording messages for distant sweethearts I found one glooming over his manuscript.

"I've only got 96 words," he explained. "I can't seem to think of any more."

He showed me his copy. *This is addressed to Dorothy D——*, it began. *I am speaking on top of this man-made structure, the highest in the world. From here the people on the street are the size of insecks. It is a thousand feet high. . . .*

But after a good deal more in this strain he had paused on dead center.

"Why not say something nice about Dorothy?" I suggested.

"Say, that's a good idea," and he resumed his composition with enthusiasm.

We spoke of Jules Verne's voyage in the *Great Eastern*. A friendly correspondent copies from the Library of Congress card index the following very interesting entry:

> [WALLACE, WILLIAM A., executive officer of the *Great Eastern*]: The *Great Eastern's* Log. Containing her first trans-atlantic voyage, and all particulars of her American visit. By an executive officer. London, Bradbury & Evans, 1860. 91 pp. Introduction signed: W. A. W.

AGONY COLUMNS

SIR:—You have given a good deal of attention lately to Sherlock Holmes. Did you ever notice, in *The Red Circle*, his comment on the Personals (or "Agony") columns of the London papers? The *Saturday Review*, whose column of Personals has proved such a refreshing and valuable feature, will surely enjoy being reminded of Sherlock's remark:

"What a chorus of groans, cries, and bleatings! What a rag-bag of singular happenings! Surely the most valuable hunting-ground that ever was given to a student of the unusual!"

MORIARTY JR.

Lancaster, Pa.

BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Supplementary report on the Sherlock Holmes crossword puzzle:

Correct solutions were also sent in by Doris E. Barton, Hartford, Conn.; Dorothy E. Dawson, Salem, Va.; Harry W. Hazard Jr., Montclair, N. J.; Henry H. Jackson and family, Barre, Vt.; Joyce and George Guernsey Jr., University City, Mo.; Staff of Mrs. Cowlin's Open Book Shop, Elgin, Ill.; Norman C. Ford, Springfield, Mass.; Ruth M. Cowdell, Hartford, Conn.; Benjamin March, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Solutions nearly correct, but erring in one or more minutiæ, from: Alexander W. Williams, Boston; L. H. and F. E. Fry, Oakmont, Pa.; Dr. Adele B. Cohn, Newark, N J.; Basil Davenport, N. Y. City; Cecil Spence, Brooklyn; Horace R. Stahl, Desloge, Mo.; Runyon Colie, Newark, N. J.; E. R. Bartlett and son, Bronxville, N. Y.

It is necessary to remind quite a number of contestants that the story of Eve is not a "parable."

Mr. Edward R. Bartlett writes: "The puzzle has been completed by my son, aged 15, and me, and we would like to issue a challenge to any member of the Irregulars for a father-and-son tournament, to be held under the proper auspices and Marquis of Queensberry rules." This is an excellent idea. Mr. Bartlett may be addressed by Baker Street Fathers-and-Sons at 24 West 40 Street.

Gladys Norton, Katherine McMahon, Dorothy Beverly, constituting the staff of the Open Book Shop, Elgin, Ill., report that they now think so highly of Tobias Gregson's acumen that they have named their new English springer spaniel Toby in his honor.

Joyce Guernsey of University City, Mo., says delightfully, "I have signed it for us both, because while my husband is unusually well grounded in these classics, I know he would have been helpless without me when he hit one or two smarty-cat places. I happen to have that sort of a fool mind. . . . To me, as long as I live, some of the stories will bring back hot summers in a little Pennsylvania town, and a ten-year-old clinging to the shelves in the Study Closet, climbing up to find the yellow paper backs which were the first Sherlock Holmes I knew."

Robert Disraeli's photographs (done on the emphasis of the moment, never posed) have attracted favorable attention in this Review lately. Always interested by people who are doing what they most want to do, we asked him for a few biographical facts.

He was born at Cologne, Germany, in 1903; came to the U. S. in 1913. He attended evening high school on 116th Street, studied chemistry at Cooper Union, took special courses at C. C. N. Y. At the age of 14 he had a job in a motion picture studio and "became conscious of that activity which we call photography." One day in 1917 he saw a department store advertisement offering a $20 camera for $16. That was the beginning.

"At the Fort Lee studios of my company," he says, "with the advice and assistance of the gods (the experienced professional photographers) I was initiated into the mysteries of loading film magazines and developing still pictures. I will never forget the day I made my first professional photograph. I can still feel the trembling knee, the palpitating heart.

"When the company passed out of existence, I had several years of 'still' shooting in back of me. Then I decided to experience commercial work. I landed in a commercial studio and became acquainted with the intricacies of photographing such prosy things as traveling bags, lampshades and mirrors. Let no one tell you that these are easy things to photograph; they are not. Some of the finest photographic technicians are in this branch of photography. After some time in this activity I joined a news and feature organization. Those were exciting times! One never knew from hour to hour what one was called upon to photograph. In the morning one might start with a microphoto of diatoms for a science story. In the afternoon, it might be the cooking class of a social service organization, later on a group of dignified prelates of the church would meet the lens, and the evening would be consumed between drinks and the shooting of a moving picture premiere."

OPEN AIR BOOKSELLERS, GOTHAM BOOK MART

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

It was precisely on June 16th, 1904, that Mr. Leopold Bloom, advertisement canvasser, of 7 Eccles Street, Dublin, rose from his bed, prepared breakfast, and started the whole of the *Ulysses* pother.

—*Life and Letters* (London).

I find the above in the English monthly *Life and Letters* (now very shrewdly edited by Mr. Hamish Miles) which deserves wider acquaintance among the inquisitive. Wyndham Lewis's article in the June issue on Faulkner as a moralist (also on Faulkner's "slipshod and redundant" technique) is one of the few intelligent comments we have seen on that writer. But more interesting to me is Edwin Muir's piece about the late Franz Kafka, the Hungarian writer who died in 1924. Muir quotes some of Kafka's remarkable aphorisms, one of which comes with a flash of recognition. He is speaking of the problem of conduct:—

> *The true way goes over a rope which is not stretched at any great height but just above the ground. It seems more designed to make people stumble than to be walked upon.*

Muir says that *The Castle* by Kafka is available in English. Can any bookseller tell me where?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Garden History

THE STORY OF GARDENING: from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to the Hanging Gardens of New York. By Richardson Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by NORMAN TAYLOR

THERE is no more pleasant wading than in the nostalgic pools of garden history. Even before that story begins there must have been gardens of a sort. And in them some Cro-Magnon no doubt grew the first wildlings rescued from the forest. But Richardson Wright, long the editor of *House and Garden*, doesn't speculate much on this dim beginning of gardening, well knowing that what happened after is a long and fascinating story. No contemporary American could have told it so well and perhaps it has never before been told as Mr. Wright has done it.

Gardening is both an art and a science. As an art it reflects the aspirations and tastes of countless generations. Their plants and flowers and how they arranged them tell us more than the history of their battles. For if the fruit of fighting was leisure, what they did with that leisure is very nearly the story of gardening. And, as an art, it began on the rooftops of Babylon and Greece and Rome. Not because a roof is the best place for a garden,—it is one of the worst,—but simply because limitations of space and time and money drove all but the wealthy to have a roof garden or none.

From those early roof gardens, and from the country estates of the Greeks and Romans, much has come straight down the path of garden history. The modern terrace gardens, of course, and pergolas, fountains, pools, statuary, tubbed and potted specimen plants, the sanded path, the hedge, and all topiary work. The list reads like a dictionary of gardening. But the author has turned the origin of these things, how they fitted their purpose and why some don't fit today, into an instructive and alluring story.

No one who reads it will want to set up a Japanese garden in an American setting. Nor cut the face of some potentate on a mountainside. The author rightly calls the latter "destructive nonsense," but much lies behind both examples of art gone astray. The lost quality Mr. Wright knows very well to be good taste, difficult to define but instantly recognizable whether it be in a cottage garden on the Thames, the magnificence of Versailles, or the village green at East Hampton.

Gardening as a science grew with exploration and the introduction of new plants. It is hard to think of gardening without the treasures that have come from eastern Asia and North America. Yet both were wholly unknown for more than half of garden history. "The Story of Gardening" tells us who scoured the world for new plants and when their finds came into general cultivation. Without the chrysanthemum, dahlia, walnut, peony, forsythia, and scores of others, Europe made garden history. Whether our greater wealth of plant material will mean greater beauty is still to be demonstrated. The old urge is there, for precisely the same instinct dictated both our skyscraper gardens and the hanging gardens of Babylon.

The book is a storehouse of garden lore, of quaint customs, of real dirt-farmer practice, and the long tale of garden design and designers. No real gardener can afford to miss reading it. For thus, as the author very truly says, "we become aware of how little there is in gardening that is absolutely new." Plants, perhaps, as some explorer brings them to us. But many quite inspired old gardens were made without plant novelties, and remain among the world's treasures.

Gardening is, after all, very much older than the literature of it. Most gardeners have no time, and perhaps none have the special fitness of the author, to untangle its long story. Naturally a book that does so, and does it so well, makes delightful reading. It is also beautifully illustrated, competently indexed, and provided with a most useful bibliography.

Norman Taylor is editor of The Garden Dictionary.

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The New Books

Fiction

WAKE AND FIND A STRANGER. By Eleanor Shaler. Morrow. 1934. $2.

This is a novel about life backstage in the happy, irresponsible days of the boom, when getting drunk fantastically was one path to social success. It is concerned with small-town girls who share a flat in New York, who have happy and unhappy love affairs, and strokes of good and bad luck in the theatre. The book begins in the light-hearted, hard-hearted manner of its period, and grows more sober, and more deep, as it goes on, and the girls come to find in different ways, that even love has its hangovers and that Cinderella's good luck will not last for ever. After teaching its heroines this, it offers each of them the promise of a happy ending. The chief defect of the book is that it is hard to care much what happens to either of its chief characters; they have been so clearly drawn as heartless and catty in the first chapters that it becomes almost impossible to accept them afterwards as the nearly tragic figures that the author tries to make them. But there is a perennial fascination in books about the theatre, and this is one that's written with knowledge and verve.

B. D.

THE PEOPLE OF A HOUSE. By W. B. Maxwell. Dodd, Mead. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Maxwell is a practised hand, yet he does not in this novel escape conventionality both of language and thought, even reaching the point of being unnatural and strained in dialogue. Sometimes he verges toward the sentimental, sometimes the melodramatic; occasionally he breathes more deeply and—in one of his characters at least—things come alive for a while; but rarely is his recital really moving. He has chosen the old plot of the girl who, for the sake of saving her family in a financial disaster, gives up her impecunious fiancé for a wealthy marriage. Her sister wins happiness in securing the discarded lover, but in a later disintegration of character (which the author does not wholly make convincing) she cannot hold him. At the close the original pair, always faithful in spirit and now freed by a death and a suicide, are again united. No plot should be condemned as in itself conventional or empty; everything depends on the life which is or is not breathed into it and into the people who move about in it. It is this life which is here lacking.

M. C. D.

History

ORIENT AND OCCIDENT. By Hans Kohn. Day. 1934. $1.75.

Whatever Kipling said about East and West, it is undeniable that Occidental methods have greatly changed the aspect of the Orient, especially since the World War. Despotism is making way for, and sometimes actually enforcing, democratic forms; modern laws and social principles have, to some extent, replaced creed and caste; and industries are growing in countries which a bare fifty years ago were but magazines of raw materials. Professor Kohn describes these developments concisely and urges that the similarity of the problems which they face should bring the people of the world into greater harmony of effort.

The accounts of how transportation facilities are opening up the Near East and of how nationalism was fostered by simplifying the written language in various countries are particularly interesting. As a whole, the book is a good introduction to Asiatic conditions, though the bibliography attached is inadequate.

R. G.

Miscellaneous

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS. By Edwin C. Hill. Walter J. Black. 1934. $1.

Edwin C. Hill was a star reporter on the staff of the old *Sun*, and justly earned his rank. A keen, rapid observer, a shrewd judge of men and character, he had also an excellent journalistic style and that intuition for the story in a situation which is the distinguishing mark of a good newspaper man. Mr. Hill, alive to what is new, forsook the city room for the motion pictures, and more lately has widened his public fame by his programs on the radio under the general title of the present book. The brief papers in it are his radio talks. They are not spot news, but short feature articles. An item in the day's news prompts Mr. Hill to retell the story of Dreyfus, Mata Hari, Opal Whitely, the Slocum disaster, Scotland Yard. He recounts many incidents less well known, and enriches every topic with comments from his own wide newspaper experience. These papers are done with a practiced newspaper touch of the best sort. They are good examples for a budding journalist to study.

C. McD. P.

CONNECTICUT TRILOGY. By Marguerite Allis. Putnams. 1934. $3.50.

This is a pleasantly written popular history of the two Connecticut colonies at New Haven and Hartford, with another chapter on the abortive colony at Saybrook with its extensions eastward. A modern settler in the Connecticut country (and how many of them there are!) could not find a volume in which more of the picturesque and often so intellectually and politically important past of this region is more adequately described. Miss Allis has used her sources carefully, and supplemented them by journeys through her territory. This is a good job, worth doing, and shines by comparison with the superficial, sentimental studies which serve as an introduction for the general reader to so many other historic sections of America. The illustrative drawings are good, and if one other feature deserves especial commendation it is her intelligent and copious handling of the Indians and their place in Connecticut history.

Brief Mention

Clara Endicott Sears has brought together various narratives of King Philip's War and has re-told them in the form of

(*Continued on page* 758)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CARTWRIGHT IS DEAD, SIR! *Hugh Baker* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Shipboard murders and mysterious radiograms baffle professional, while yielding secret to amateur, sleuth.	Would-be-master-mind plays hop with ship's company including opera singer, soldier of fortune and cherubic secretary. Suspense sustained.	Unusual
THE PRINCE OF PLUNDER *Sidney Horler* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Black-mailing master-criminal and murdering myrmidons routed by eccentric Mr. Knook of British Secret Service.	Customary horrific happenings and handsome heroes and lurid ladies one expects in dish of *Horler d'oeuvres variés.*	Melo
THE EMERALD MURDER TRAP *Jackson Gregory* (Scribners: $2.)	Death strikes thrice when millionaire eccentric springs emerald-baited crime trap in California mansion; Paul Savoy detecting.	Egyptian princess and deaf-and-dumb negro figure in oddly assorted cast of not too convincing characters.	Implausible
MR. PINKERTON GOES TO SCOTLAND YARD *David Frome* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Mild little Mr. Pinkerton overhears gossip, stumbles on poisoning case in London suburb. Inspector Bull does stolidly but well.	Unusual characters, double point of view, contribute to interest of good story in the classic Yard formula. Illustrations terrible.	Very good

Dr. Davison On Our Church Music

PROTESTANT CHURCH MUSIC IN AMERICA. By Archibald T. Davison. Boston: E. C. Schirmer Music Co. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

"IT is doubtful whether there is any widespread dissatisfaction with the music of the Protestant church in America." Thus Dr. Davison, somewhat ironically, begins his book. Dr. Davison is best known for his pioneer work with the Harvard Glee Club, which began a new era in American university music. He has just retired but remains professor of music at Harvard, and in charge of the choir at the Harvard chapel and is therefore well qualified to write on this subject. He believes that our church music is—to use his own word—in an "appalling" state, that music utterly unsuited to worship either from the religious or the artistic point of view forms the bulk of what we hear, and that our practices show a disastrous ignorance of the real functions of music in worship.

Those who listen to church music will find in Dr. Davison's pages enough to make them gasp. In the first chapters one by one the familiar pillars of our religious ceremonies fall before the axe: old favorite hymns, and especially the nineteenth century anthems, are damned as being not only worthless as music but blatantly secular. Any sort of music is shown to be acceptable in church if it is provided with words of the right sacred character, while much of the greatest church music ever written is not allowed in Protestant churches because of the mention of forbidden dogmas or cults.

All this, as Dr. Davison points out, is due to a complete misconception of the function of music in religion. Is not music in church part and parcel of the essential mystery of religion—"those eternal queries before which reason and experience are helpless"—and can it not therefore be considered as symbolic of all belief, a witness, reminder, and strengthener of faith? The value of religious music is in the music, not in the words.

The cardinal point in Dr. Davison's philosophy is the axiom that church music, if it is to serve the needs of religion, must be *devoid of secular suggestion.*

> . . . I would not wish to be understood as implying that church music should be judged as one would judge secular concert music or opera, for I firmly believe that the validity of church music depends upon the completeness with which it abjures all the personal and secular elements of concert performance, and upon its distance, both in style and substance, from the music of the world outside the church. In the middle ages and the sixteenth century both the church and the world frankly borrowed from each other's resources, to enrich their own particular body of music. But at that time styles were not strongly divergent. One musical language, with certain idioms suitable to one or the other, served both the church and the people. Today, partly because of the immensely superior strength of the world and its associations, any attempt on the part of the church to use secular material or methods in its services merely ends in the secularization of worship.

Unless the reader can reject this argument he must accept a good part of the judgments put forth in the book.

Dr. Davison has an ideal of good church music, which he explains at length. Strong rhythm is barred; if one can "tap his foot" the music is too rhythmical because rhythm is the strongest element in secular music. Melodies should be remote and austere, rather than familiar and "tuneful," and they should be diatonic. Contrapuntal is preferable to harmonic music because it implies the impersonal coöperation of equal parts in the musical entity. Harmony should be simple—diatonic and triadic, three-note chords built on the notes of the simple scale, the "restless" seventh, ninth, and eleventh chords, which demand a resolution, should be avoided. Dissonance, which is used secularly as contrast, should be used sparingly, for a kind of monotony, in the strict sense, is desirable as being non-secular. Music written in the old ecclesiastical modes is suited to the church because its progressions and cadences are unfamiliar and mysterious to our ears. Finally, music which is made up of mere clichés and has no artistic merit is not fitted for worship even though it may conform technically to the Ideal; there is a vast quantity of such music in use in our churches, most of it written in the nineteenth century.

Dr. Davison's Ideal includes music from

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the early plain song to the eighteenth century, with a certain amount of modern Russian music, which "recreates in no little degree the spirit . . . of the sixteenth century." The backbone of it is the work of sixteenth century masters such as Palestrina, Lassus, and Desprès, but the Reformation chorale, and some assorted seventeenth and eighteenth century works in the same spirit, plus a little Mendelssohn, are also included. Only two other kinds of church music receive his commendation, music which, though secular in origin, has, because of the changes in musical fashion, ceased to have a secular connotation (a good number of Bach chorales were originally madrigals or even street songs), and the music "of certain great geniuses, the nobility of whose language occasionally transcends questions of idiom or style."

Now practically all the religious music of the great seventeenth and eighteenth century masters, from the Bach Mass and Passions through Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, to Schubert and Brahms, almost without exception violates all of Dr. Davison's specifications, and gets little mention in his book. The musical value of these composers' work is beyond question—perhaps no greater music has ever been written than the Bach Matthew Passion or the Mozart Requiem, and if all this work violates the Ideal quite flagrantly, are we to understand that this imposing galaxy of genius was really guilty of writing technically bad church music, and must be exonerated by special dispensation? The point at issue is one of considerable significance, for the amount and artistic merit of the best of religious music written by this group is certainly upon a fair equality with what has been written in accord with Dr. Davison's standards, and this is far from being in accord with the emphasis in his book. Perhaps the theory that church music must avoid all secular connotation, while vital, represents only one of many factors. Religion is a form of human expression, and therefore religious music must confine itself to human or understandable expression, or remain quite ineffective. The awe and mystery expressed by Palestrina is certainly a human expression of religious feeling, but equally so is the almost reckless jubilation of a Bach "Gloria" or a Mozart "Alleluia." And it is probable that great composers believe, consciously or unconsciously, that religion, art, emotion, all tend to meet at a certain point of greatness, symbolic, as Dr. Davison himself suggests, of the essential unity of things. If the artist's work is great it becomes as universal as religion itself.

Another difficulty with Dr. Davison's Ideal is that it seems to leave no place for church music yet unwritten—unless that music be a mere slavish imitation of past masters. It is clearly impossible to compose according to the technical rules he outlines; only the admonition to refrain in general from using secular elements is of value. However, if church music must express a profound and penetrating sense of the higher mysteries, the simplicity and directness of expression, which our period prefers to the creation of a vast and complex edifice, "on a colossal scale," of the nineteenth century artists, may be in accord with the spirit of Dr. Davison's Ideal. Yet it cannot be so isolated from the outside world of music as the strict sixteenth century style, which he seems to favor.

But Dr. Davison is attacking a problem of practical reform. He keeps rigorously to his factual recommendations, because to his hearers in general such words as "good" and "bad" have quite different meanings than to him. It may be that he has slighted Bach and Mozart because it seems to him impossible to find a rule which will let them "under the fence" without bringing in a veritable flood of worthless composers who equal them in secular suggestion but in no other way. He is strongly on the defensive as well as on the offensive, and can afford to leave no loophole of escape unwatched; he must choose an ironclad frame of a size which will include the greatest amount of good music and the least amount of bad.

The book is not well organized, but such literary imperfections as it has are proof that the author has no interest whatsoever in the sensational. All those who are in any way connected with the church, especially those who have a voice in the choosing of church music, should read this book with care. It is unique in its field, and may well become of increasing importance in the future as the church purges itself of its overdose of bad nineteenth century music and begins to find musical expression better fitted to the needs of those whose education in music has been sound.

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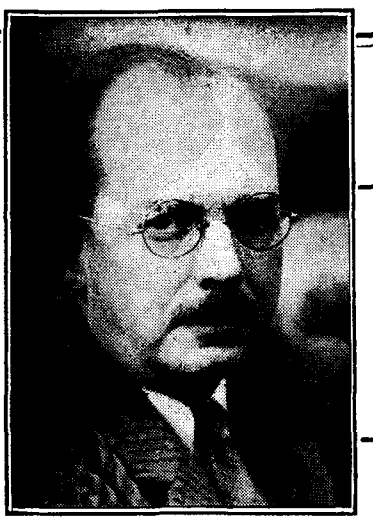

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Double-Crostics: Number 12

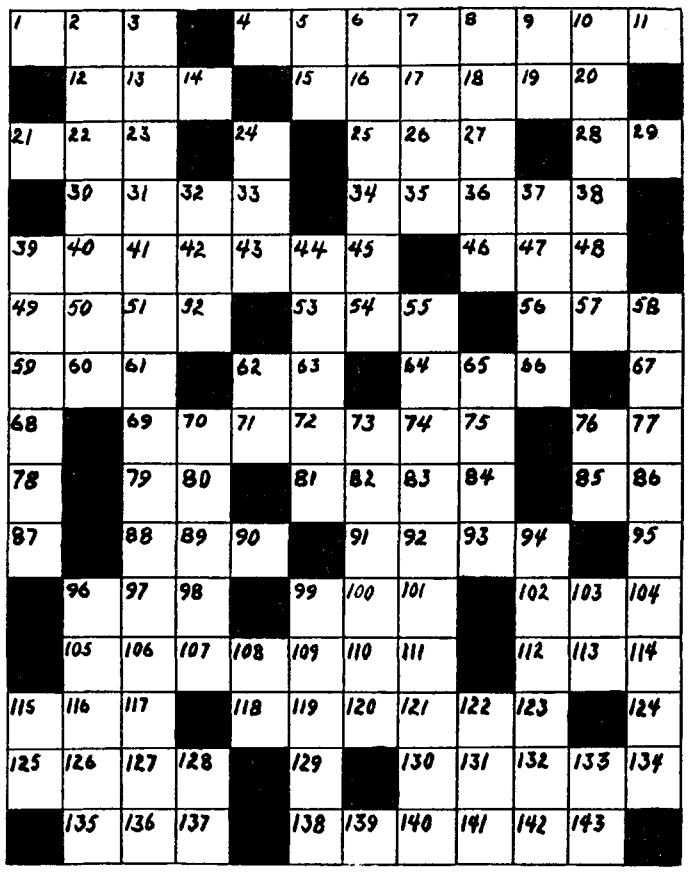
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess nineteen words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 128-43-116-25-1-7-67-71-51. Conjectural process.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 55-65-115-27-100-139-96-22-10. Opera by Weber.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 77-137-143-5-82-117-45. Unity, singleness.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 13-80-32-122-76-23-125-101-8. Book by George Borrow.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 42-26-124-37-6. Simpletons, boobies.	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 90-41-112-141-130-17. Being, existence.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 48-15-72-39-135-93-74. Summary, abstract.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 83-87-29-131. Succulent; rich in growth.	_ _ _ _
IX. 50-66-34-103-63-86-134-24-108. Ciliated protozoa.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 95-104-89-44-64-136-31-20-49-99-84-3. Spiritual (comp.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 53-4-91-123-126-16-133-30-81. Needleworkers in a skin game.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 46-56-113-2-70-52-110. Friend of Aeneas.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 142-129-79-97-106-92-18-121. Doctrine of two first causes.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 62-107-132-14-59-33-127-78. Becoming sour.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 12-28-36-88-54-109-61. English economist (1766-1834).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 105-35-58-73-21-40-9-120-38. Bibliophiles.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 111-47-138-75-85-114-118. Avenging Furies.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 11-98-102-119-68-60-140. Divests of humbug (colloq.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 94-57-69-19. Differently; besides.	_ _ _ _



There's a new trick in Number 12. You'll get a surprise from some of the words in the diagram.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 11)
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY—CHIMNEYSMOKE

Once we read Tennyson aloud
In our great fireside chair;
Between the lines, my lips could touch
Her April-scented hair.

How very fond I was, to think
The printed poems fair,
When close within my arms I held
A living lyric there!

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 756)

a narrative intended to give a just idea not only of that conflict but of Indian culture at the time: "The Great Powwow" (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.) * * * "Nazism: An Assault on Civilization" (Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, $2.50) is a symposium of attacks and analysis of the Nazi policy, internal and external, with interesting quotations from those parts of "Mein Kampf" which did not appear in the English version. Leland Stowe's "Nazi Means War" (Whittlesey House, $1.50) carries on the same theme into a special study of the international policy of Hitler's state. * * * Another reference book is "Religious Orders of Women in the United States," by Elinor Tong Dehey, now issued in a revised edition (Conkey Company, Hammond, Indiana). * * * Those who search in little known journals for descriptions of strange lands and people will find extraordinarily interesting material in the "Letters and Diaries of A. F. R. Wollaston," selected and edited by Mary Wollaston, with a preface by Sir Henry Newbolt. He journeys from Lapland through New Guinea, Africa, and the War, to Mr. Everest. * * * J. Lloyd Mecham's "Church and State in Latin America" is a history of politico-ecclesiastical relations in the countries from Mexico to Chile, with an introductory historical essay and a careful study of church relationship in all these countries (The University of North Carolina Press, $4.50). * * * A special study that also may be noted is "Louisiana in Spanish Diplomacy 1759-1804," by E. Wilson Lyon (University of Oklahoma Press, $3).

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Miss Wylie of Vassar. Ed. E. W. Morris. Yale Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Life and Teaching of V. I. Lenin.* R. P. Dutt. International. 50 cents.

DRAMA

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MISCELLANEOUS

Crime's Paradise. E. E. Kirkpatrick. San Antonio, Tex.: Naylor. $2. *Engato.* J. H. Driberg. Dutton. $1.50. *Twentieth Century Crime.* J. E. Hagerty. Stratford. $2. *Gardens of Delight.* E. S. Rohde. Hale, Cushman & Flint. *Slightly Sour Grapes.* E. L. Cooper. New York: Collins. $1. *Three Profiteers.* U. S. Lesh. Stratford. $2. *Dialectical Materialism.* V. Adoratsky. International. 50 cents.

PHILOSOPHY

Mind and Nature. H. Weyl. Univ. of Pennsylvania Pr. $1.50.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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REFINED New York widow wishes to cultivate few men and women acquaintances, who are sixty years or over having inclination and leisure for sociability and study. Box 775.

UPPER MONTCLAIR—Nursery school will rent three rooms and bath June 15-Sept. 15. Privilege kitchen, porch and shady garden, children's play apparatus. $15 each monthly or $40 for 3. References required. Conselyea, 445 Park St.

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TAMWORTH SANDWICHES: Female respecter of others' books and belongings, and lover of that N. H. neighborhood wants those views for late summer, Aug. 7 to Sept. 30. Would be a star boarder, or could use a very small house. Neighborhood references. Box 777.

CONGENIAL adaptable woman of 35 would like to accompany and share expenses with a group of two or more traveling by auto through Yellowstone or Canadian Rockies. Can leave July 1st. Box 67, Danbury, Conn.

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PERSONALS

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ARE YOU interested in renting for a pittance and running a tea-room near Wiscasset, Maine? July and August. Has weathered successfully ten seasons. Box 784.

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IS THERE a Voyageur sufficiently bored with life yet seeking romance; untrammeled, persevering, adventurous; who will seek adventure and escape by joining me in a boating trip from Yellowstone Park down the Yellowstone and Missouri to the river's end? Odysseus.

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VERSATILE Southern girl must have work during summer. Splendid qualifications. Eager to attempt anything. Future career involved, assistance vital. Excellent references. Box 786.

AIRY APARTMENT in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, overlooking downtown skyline. Restricted cooperative building, 2 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath. Tenant will share on equal basis with young woman (Christian) of background, refinement and financial stability. References. Phone MA in 4-0178 till 11:30 A.M. Box 787.

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TRAVEL IN THE NEAR EAST

IN the Spring all mankind's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of travel. The mere sound of names like Athens, Paris, or Rome, sets our blood to racing, and fills our soul with longing. Well, we've got to take our journeying vicariously for the present, but at any rate we've had a good time getting glimpses of foreign lands through books which we've been leafing through on behalf of one of our correspondents.

F. L. McK. of Cambridge, Mass., *wants reading that will prove of assistance to a prospective traveller in Malta, Greece, Istambul, Smyrna, and Leghorn.*

It's remarkable when it comes to the lesser travelled places how little of an authoritative nature is to be found upon them. Take Smyrna, for example. We went through an enormous list of books upon it, and the most promising works that we could find that devoted much space to it were a measly two, Walter Hawley's ASIA MINOR (London: Lane), in which Smyrna was merely an incident of a much broader survey, and that now antiquated book, Bayard Taylor's THE LANDS OF THE SARACENS (Putnam). Most of the literature specifically on Smyrna is in French, though of course plentiful allusion and brief description of it is to be found in the many volumes of travels in Asia Minor. And then Leghorn! Leghorn, which with today's cartwheel hats is again becoming so familiar a name to feminine ears. Apparently its straw industries are not sufficient to make it an attraction for the globe-trotter and a diligent search failed to reveal any books in English devoted to its attractions for the traveller. There are consular reports and similar studies but nary a volume of general descriptive character could we find. Perhaps F. L. McK. remembers an article by Hervey Allen entitled "The Sources of Anthony Adverse" which the *Saturday Review* printed early this year. If she does she may recall Mr. Allen's statement that he went to a life of Nelson for information on the city and there found how the great admiral evacuated the English from it during the Napoleonic Wars, when "there were many English factories and Scotch merchants of sorts." (If she hasn't read ANTHONY ADVERSE as yet here's another reason for doing so.) Mr. Allen further states that he drew the material on Leghorn which he used for his novel in part from Francesco Pera's CURIOSITA LIVORNESI MEDITE O RARE, and from another Italian work entitled LIVORNO, CON 149 ILLUSTRAZIONI. Now if F. L. McK. asks us where Mr. Allen got those books we can only say we don't know, and further remark that we don't blame her a bit if she feels as Bella Wilfer did when, on finding THE COMPLETE BRITISH HOUSEWIFE starting a recipe with "take a salamander," she flung the book across the room exclaiming "Oh, you donkey!"

Since we don't feel that we've been much help on Leghorn, we turn with a sigh of relief to Istambul. First of all we think it would be wise if F. L. McK. were to read Halidah Adib's TURKEY FACES WEST (Yale University Press), so as to orient herself, as it were, toward the nation. When she's read that Turkish women are forsaking the veil and entering into feminist and civic activities, and that general conditions are radically changed of late years, she can turn back the clock and still find both delight and instruction in that lovely volume of H. G. Dwight's, CONSTANTINOPLE (Harpers), published before the war and modernism had set their seal upon the city. Then there's Princess Bibesco's EIGHTH PARADISE (Dutton), and G. W. Edwards's lavishly illustrated CONSTANTINOPLE: ISTAMBOUL (Penn Publishing Co.) to amplify her gleanings. The Outward Bound Library, put out by Dent of London, contains a volume entitled MALTA AND CYPRUS, by Gladys Peto (to pass on to the next country on F. L. McK.'s list) and there is a section on the island in Henry James Forman's GRECIAN ITALY (Boni & Liveright). We've never been to Malta so we can't speak with authority of Mr. Forman's pages upon it, but we do know that we read his chapters on Sicily with a vivid resurging of enthusiasm for the magnificent landscape of that island of contrasts, and with renewed delight in the recollection of its picturesque people, its lovely ruins, its high carts gay with Biblical decorations and drawn by donkeys incredibly diminutive to be pulling along the heavy load of human freight they always haul, its orange blossoms and hedges of climbing geranium, its desolately gloomy sulphur regions and its lustrous seas. As for Greece we read with lively enjoyment when we were there GREEK LANDS AND LETTERS (Houghton Mifflin), by Francis G. and Anne Allinson, of which a new edition was issued not so long ago. Just recently there appeared GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN (McBride), by Ernest A. Gardner, emeritus professor of archæology of the University of London, a volume which adds to its chapters on Greece proper and the islands, others on the coast of Asia Minor, and Constantinople.

THE STUART KINGS

"Can you give me a good list of books concerning the Stuart Kings of Scotland and England?" writes E. M. P. of Morristown, N. J. *"The material on this subject seems to be most uneven—the kings before Mary and the two Jameses of England appear to be neglected, and the amount of material on Mary, the Charleses, and the Pretenders is overwhelming."*

When we got E. M. P.'s letter we started in to compile the list she wanted from our own lamentably inadequate knowledge of the subject. We got as far as Gardiner's HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES I TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR (Longmans, Green), with its searching study of Charles I, Macaulay's HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II (which of course E. M. P. doesn't need to be reminded of but which we can't resist mentioning anyway), Andrew Lang's HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, which contains chapters on the Scotch Jameses, and such more recent volumes as D. G. Loth's ROYAL CHARLES, RULER AND RAKE (Coward McCann) and Dennis Wheatley's OLD ROWLEY (Dutton), when we suddenly decided we were entirely too uncertain of our ground to rest on it without support. So we burst into the scholarly pursuits of Mr. Wallace Notestein, professor of history at Yale University, with a request for help, and he, like Mr. Dick, set us all right. Now King Charles's head won't have to trouble us any more. He wrote as follows:

> There are few modern books about the Stuart kings that can be recommended. About James I, I do not know what to say. There is no modern account of him. But S. R. Gardiner's little book in the Epochs of Modern History called THE FIRST TWO STUARTS AND THE PURITAN REVOLUTION (Longmans, Green) is as good an account in brief as there is. There is no good book on Charles I. Turn once more to Gardiner's little book. Florence Higham's recent book is fairish, though very pro-Charles. But it is an interesting personal account. Mrs. Higham, who had been in her earlier work a good historian, fell in love with Charles. Osmund Airy, CHARLES II (Longmans, Green) is good reading but Arthur Bryant is critical of it, and we have now so much more material about Charles II. Arthur Bryant's book is the best though a Tory document from beginning to end. There is no good book about James II. Hilaire Belloc is incredibly bad. I believe Macaulay's HISTORY OF ENGLAND, although of course Whiggish, is still the best way for one who wishes good reading to find out about James II. There is a great dearth of seventeenth century biography. Lots of old books but few modern ones.

A DOROTHY SAYERS OMNIBUS

We have good news for L. McR. at Fort Bliss, Texas, *who wants to know how she can get hold of the collection in one volume of the earlier detective stories of Dorothy Sayers to which reference was made not long ago in the Bowling Green.*

When Mr. Morley mentioned them he had in mind an English one-volume edition in which they had been collected. We called up Miss Helen K. Taylor of Harcourt, Brace & Company when L. McR.'s letter reached us to see what information Miss Sayers's American publishers could give us, and she with pride in her tones announced that an American omnibus containing WHOSE BODY, THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE BELLONA CLUB, and SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS, would be issued in the Fall for the small sum of two dollars. There's a good buy!

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DESIDERATA

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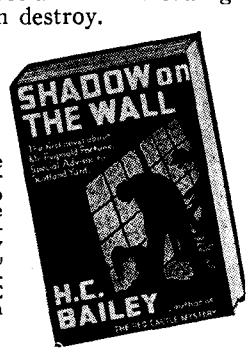
THE CRIME CLUB CONFESSES

For months now we've been trying to get this fellow H. C. Bailey to do a whole novel on Reggie Fortune, that incomparable special advisor to Scotland Yard. Hitherto he has given us only short stories of Reggie's detective adventures, yet so excellent have they been that Alexander Woollcott, among others, has remarked that Mr. Bailey writes better than any of his contemporaries, and Walter D. Edmonds (author of *Mostly Canallers*) has said that the stories rank with the very best of Sherlock Holmes.

H. C. BAILEY
. . . creator of Mr. Reginald Fortune

And now we're delighted because Mr. Bailey has given us the book we've asked for so eagerly, the first long novel about Mr. Reginald Fortune. You will love it! It's a dangerous, absorbing case that begins with a garden party at Buckingham Palace and brings Reggie face to face with a charming murderer whom only the special Fortune courage and ingenuity can destroy.



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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

BEFORE going away to the mountains for the summer (whence, however, I shall continue to send back material for this column), I wish to run through the books of poetry on my shelves, and dispose of most of them. First and foremost, that indefatigable *Henry Harrison,* poetry publisher at 430 Sixth Avenue (new address), has contributed a quota of four books as yet unreviewed by me. "Ohio Poets," with a foreword by *George Elliston,* is one of those state anthologies which, though it contains poets as good as *Marie Gilchrist* and *Dorothy Reid,* also masses together so much negligible matter that it is a weariness to the flesh. Then there is the first prose book by *Lucia Trent* and *Ralph Cheyney,* "More Power to Poets!" In so far as they say there should be more poetry in life I agree with them suspiciously; but when they say there should be more life in poetry, I emit a warwhoop of assent. The trouble is, there's so *little* life in most of the poetry I scan. And I fear that not only Miss Trent and Mr. Cheyney, but Mr. Harrison too, have been instrumental in getting published a terrible lot of mediocre verse—with the best intentions, let us admit, but O the difference to me! "Veiled Eros," by *Archibald Rutledge,* also comes from Henry Harrison, and "Shelter of Song," by *Elizabeth Voss.* Alas!

The following I do not think it necessary to comment further upon than to mention their titles: "Sea Level," by *Sylvia H. Bliss,* "Cornell College Book of Verse," "Back to the Nameless One: Biosophical Poems," by *Frederick Kettner,* "Morning Glories and Moonflowers," by *Harriet Olds Henderson,* "Singing Rails," by *J. Francis Concidine,* "Slightly Sour Grapes," by *Evelyne Love Cooper,* "Six of One," compiled by *Joseph Joel Keith,* "Seeds of Earth," by *Eleanor Allen,* "With Lips of Rue," by *LeGarde S. Doughty,* "Harp Strings," by *Isabel Tracy Gaily,* "Fog Phantoms and Other Poems," by *Alice Adkins,* "Prolegomena," by *Aeron Tani Rosen,* "Wings on the Hilltop," by *Marguerite George,* "The Dead Lie Down," by *Walter R. Adams,* "daekargus," by *William Fitzgerald,* "Undertones," by *Marie Margaret Winthrop,* "Feisal the Arabian," "Lady Ilaria and Other Poems," by *Lucy Munson Taylor,* "Glory of Earth," by *Anderson M. Scruggs,* and "Shadows of Dawn," by *Pearl Moore Stevens.*

In a slightly superior category, *Ellen Glines,* in "Garden Untended" (Mosher), deters me for a moment by exclaiming

I have circled the earth
On a desperate quest;
I must find where the Phœnix
Is building his nest.

Well, Miss Glines, he is building it right here, and is sorry he cannot give your little book a higher place in this week's ranking. *James H. Cousins's* second selection of his poetry, "A Bardic Pilgrimage," has intelligence and learning in it; yet somehow Cousins is one of those Celtic poets who just does not impress me strongly enough. I prefer *Irene Haugh's* "The Valley of the Bells," with an introduction by *"A. E."* It is one of the books I am taking away with me to review. While of peculiar and tragic interest, I do not think that "Poetry of the Insane," compiled by *Dr. Charles E. Mayos,* need be reviewed here. A book with some charm is *Stella Gibbons's* "The Priestess" (Longmans); for example that poem, "The Foal;" but Miss Gibbons's ideas are pretty stereotyped. "Listenings-In," a Poem-Sequence by *W. G. Hole,* is built upon the "Spoon River" plan, but immeasurably inferior to it, a book of such flat and uninspired traditional verse as is all too prevalent in England. "Rhapsody with Humanity," by *Joachim Aviron,* is the utterance of one believed to be a prophet. "The Chase," by *Harvey C. Grumbine* (Boston: Bruce Humphries), is one of "The Friendly Books" (pocket-size) that I can recommend, a selection of interesting sonnets. "The Indian and His River" is a book of Iroquois Indian songs and legends, also concerning the river Genesee, fairly well done by *Carleton Burke.* "Thirteen Sonnets of Georgia," by *Daniel Whitehead Hickey,* seems rather too local to recommend to the general reader. "Out of Peony and Blade," by *Antoinette Scudder,* is one of Henry Harrison's better books (see his address earlier in this article). In spite of the horrible pink paper upon which they are printed, Miss Scudder's Oriental narratives are worth reading, and I may have something further to say about them.

I am taking away with me *Alexander Laing's* "Wine and Physic," *Wyndham Lewis's* "One-Way Song," "The Singing Heart," by the late *Clinton Scollard,* "Scherzo from a Proud City," by *Ramon Guthrie,* "Unheard Melodies," by *Lord Gorell,* and a few other volumes, salvaged from the many. You may expect to hear about these later on.

Though the *Phœnix Nest* will now be removed to New Hampshire, I hope to get enough eggs to fill it every week of the summer. Mine will be a working vacation, and the most pleasurable part of the work will be to retail to you whatever "great thoughts" concerning poetry occur to me in those altitudes!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The news of the week is the resignation of Dan Longwell and Malcolm Johnson from Doubleday. Mr. Longwell will join the editorial staff of *Time* and *Fortune;* Mr. Johnson becomes an assistant editor of *Fortune.* Dan Longwell has been connected with the Doubleday organization for fifteen years; during the last ten or so he has had charge of promotion, in addition to considerable manufacturing and editorial work. He has probably had his fingers on as many best sellers in that time as any publisher. ☞Malcolm Johnson, formerly with the Standard Oil Co. in China and once managing editor of the *Youth's Companion,* has been assistant editor in the book department of Doubleday Doran since 1929, in charge of the Crime Club particularly.

☞The first office-workers' strike in the publishing business, which occupied most of last week at the Macaulay Company, seems to have gone smoothly for the strikers. It was good weather for picketing, and the picketers managed to get two free rides in the Black Maria, with a minimum of inconvenience at the police station; not to mention several columns of newspaper space. Prominent picketers included Malcolm Cowley of *The New Republic* and "Exile's Return," Michael Gold, Albert Halper, Tess Slesinger, and Isidor Schneider of the Macaulay Company. Dashiell Hammett was one of the first picketers, and a signer of the telegram sent to the NRA. The strike was settled on Friday with recognition for the Office Workers' Union, but without having stirred up much overt activity in other publishing houses. The effort to unionize the office employees in the publishing business seems, at this stage, somewhat anomalous. There is no doubt a fairly high percentage of employees with intellectual sympathies for any union activity, also with the ability to stir up comment. But publishing is a business in which the officers are usually recruited from the ranks; one which generally gets along without time clocks or other paraphernalia of the factory system. Nobody has raised a question as to the right of the publishing employees to organize; the question is whether they stand to gain or lose.

☞Few of the "commercial" publishers get out catalogues or bulletins anywhere near as interesting as the university presses: for instance the *Spring Books* pamphlet of the Columbia University Press (2960 Broadway) convinces Quercus that one ideal book for vacation reading is Sir Thomas Browne's Hydriotaphia, Urne-Buriall . . . the Sepulchrall Urnes . . . the Quincunciall Plantations . . . Mystically Considered. ☞A delightful edition in the Facsimile Text Series available for only $1. ☞Sheed & Ward, those alert Catholic publishers at 63 Fifth Avenue, always have something interesting to say in their pamphlets: they are pleased by the remark of an English critic who says they "have resolutely refused to seek petty safety by relying on the sale of catechisms, prayer books and manuals of devotions . . . they have taken the brilliant and bright world by the scruff of the neck." ☞Speaking of the Columbia University Press, some of the best publicity we get is *The Pleasures of Publishing,* a weekly preparation by Ed Noyes of that establishment. A recent issue quoted John Lane of The Bodley Head to the effect that English publishers do practically all their business through bookstores, only a negligible amount at retail. ☞Forty per cent of the business of the Columbia University Press, he goes on to inform us, is done with individuals. ☞Probably the most extensive individual business of recent years has been done by Doubleday with the pamphlet *Arms and the Men,* a reprint of the *Fortune* article on the armament industry. So far 50,000 copies have been sold at 10 cents each, all direct to readers.

☞Old Quercus always feels 99.44% pure when he gets the annual invitation to the Exhibition of "Small Sculptures in White Soap." Nothing to get all lathered up about, but it's amusing; held this year on the 62nd floor of the R. C. A. Building, until June 30. ☞Speaking of high places, now they have a bar in the Empire State Building observatory they really should serve up there that cocktail called the Swiss Family Manhattan. The recipe can only be had from the inventor, c/o Quercus. ☞Peter Greig, the wine fancier, tells us that the vintages served at the speakers' table at the Birthday Dinner for Thomas Mann were *Dry Graves* 1926 and Grand Puy Lacoste 1924. ☞What an excellent apothegm from O. W. Holmes was that quoted by Dean Kimball (College of Engineering, Cornell) in the 25th anniversary booklet of the McGraw-Hill Company. Holmes said, "Society is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best in reading as hot water draws the strength of tea leaves." ☞The employees of Doubleday, Doran & Company plan to unveil a tablet in memory of the late well-loved Frank Nelson Doubleday ("Effendi") on June 14 at the Country Life Press.

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